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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Canadian model

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: "Can We Use a Plan That Good?" by A. Peter Ruderman [*The Nation*, Oct. 23] is a remarkably objective and informative account of Canadian Medicare. Perhaps, however, a few quibbles are in order. Professor Ruderman makes it all seem too easy and deals with some quite serious situations in a rather light manner. The Medicare deadlock in Quebec in the fall of 1970, for example, had some very nasty aspects. In addition, it seems to me that his implications concerning medical care systems in other countries are somewhat superficial or inaccurate. In Sweden, for example, 90 per cent of doctors right now are on a regular salary, a system vastly different from that in Canada. These, however, are minor points which do not impair the overall excellence of the Ruderman account.

Franz J. Ingelfinger, M.D.

support for schools

Rockville, Md.

DEAR SIRS: The article by John E. Coons, William H. Clune III and Stephen D. Sugarman ["Dollars, Scholars and Constitution," *The Nation,* Oct. 16] was generally sound, but they really miss the boat in advocating that sectarian and private schools be funded through a voucher system.

All innovations and alternative forms of education which merit public support can be accommodated within our public school systems. Nonpublic schools exist for religious and/or other forms of indoctrination and for religious, class, racial, ethnic, and/or other types of separatism and segregation. Public support, therefore, should be confined to public schools, as New York's Fleischmann Commission has recommended. . . .

Andrew d'Elia

Mandarin

DEAR SIRS: We write to draw attention to the Translator/Interpreter program at Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies.

We are planning a special intensive training session, September 1973, for speakers of Mandarin Chinese who also have a superior knowledge of English. If anyone reading this letter feels that he may be a potential candidate, we would advise him to get in touch with us at: Dept. of Translation & Interpretation, Monterey Institute of Foreign Studies, Box 1978, Monterey, Calif. 93940.

(Dr.) Elizabeth Trahan, Chairman

vanishing Americans

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The term "melting pot" is no longer considered to be in good taste. We like to feel that the differences among our various peoples should be emphasized instead of being fused into one big mess; we are eager to show that the country has been able to accommodate harmoniously all kinds of cultural and national groups.

However, it now seems that an "American" is hard to find. We now have Italians, Jews, Greeks, Polish and other nationals; also blacks, women, youth, poor, et al. Our politicians strain to reach these blocs, appealing to their ethnic or other interests to get their votes. Men seeking high office today forget that the welfare of the United States is to the common advantage of all who came here from other countries and all who are native-born. They forget that issues which are genuinely important to "bloc" people are important to all Americans.

Let's all get back into the melting pot and unite as one people to find a way out of the real mess we have fallen into.

Pearl Garfield

EDITORIALS

He Really Means It

There are several ways to "read" President Nixon. One is never to accept at full face value anything he has to say. Another is to watch what he does and not listen to what he says. But there are times when he must be taken quite literally, when in fact it would be extremely foolish to assume that he does not mean exactly what he says. What he said, anticipating victory, in an interview with a friendly reporter from a friendly newspaper—Garnett Horner of the Washington *Star-News*—is to be read in that way.

Mr. Nixon will crack down on existing social programs and will initiate few new ones. He sees himself as a "Disraeli conservative"—courtesy of Daniel Patrick Moynihan—who will conduct a "strong foreign policy," but with little emphasis on Africa or Latin America or Third World problems. By inference, a collective—i.e., U.N.—approach to world security will not be emphasized. He will hold the line on taxes. He is strongly opposed to "permissiveness," to which he attributes crime, drug abuse and a general weakening of moral fiber. He is for "the work ethic"; therefore, the poor, the blacks and the protesting young will have to "shape up," and he will continue to appoint conservative judges. He will banish, if he can, any latent guilt feelings "the silent majority" may harbor about the war in Vietnam or the retreat from pressing domestic social problems.

Richard J. Whalen, a former aide, sums up the President's remarks with perception and candor: "When he sees a political opportunity, as he does now, Mr. Nixon is willing to indulge himself and express his sincere visceral conservatism." (*The Washington Post*, November 12.) In other words, the President means it this time. Any doubts on that should have been removed by his victory statement, which, as Ward Just notes in the *New Statesman*, was "Nixon at his very worst; unctuous, vulgar, insecure, puerile. . . . He could not find it in his heart or in his mind to say a kind word for the opposition."

One can be grateful for the President's frankness, but it is disturbing. It shows how he has misread the meaning of his victory, which he interprets not as a negative or "unpopular" landslide but as a tribute to his sterling personal qualities and a demand for preservation of the status quo. That he so interprets his re-election is a reliable forecast of trouble ahead. Those who thought that if he won big he might propose a "crash" program to deal with critical domestic problems, do not understand this Disraeli from Whittier, Calif. Similarly, those who felt that he appealed to fear, racial prejudice and economic greed merely to win, do not know the President. He means what he said in the Horner interview.

Sen. Walter F. Mondale (D., Minn.)—who also won a sizable victory in the election—has said that "if the President reads the election as an endorsement and a strong move to the Right, he's just dead wrong, and he'll find it out." But that is exactly how he reads it and he will hold to the course he has set unless Congress can give him a more realistic understanding of the returns. In fact,

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there isn't any general feeling of post-election satisfaction.

Worse than the absence of substance and insight in what Mr. Nixon proposes is his inability to appreciate the degree and quality of Presidential leadership that will be required of him if the domestic wounds and divisions of the Vietnamese War are to be healed. We have yet to feel the full impact of these lesions. A one-time Presidential cheerleader, columnist William F. Buckley, Jr., calls the landslide a "hollow victory" and wonders how Congress will act toward a President who is disliked for ideological and personal reasons by many Democrats and mistrusted by many Republicans who believe he "turned the election into a prolonged and expensive venture in narcissism, without regard to the political party on whose cooperation he now depends."

Congressional opposition may force the President to change the course he has set. Popular pressures were important in persuading him to correct some important policy mistakes of his first term. But a President is less subject to political pressures from voters in a second term. It is not so much voters whom President Nixon now must heed as it is majority sentiment in the new Congress. Will Congress stand its ground and apply the necessary corrective restraints and the stimulus for initiatives which the need to win re-election imposed, to some extent, during his first term?

Puerto Rico Votes

Few Americans—unless they were Puerto Ricans—paid much attention to the island's election, which was also held on November 7. But in some ways, the Puerto Ricans voted to better purpose than did Middle America. Senate President Rafael Hernandez Colón, 36, was elected Governor of the Commonwealth, and his Popular Democratic Party carried both houses of the legislature and won seventy-two of the island's seventy-eight municipalities. Colón's margin of victory over Gov. Luis Alberto Ferré of the New Progressive Party was not massive—the vote for governor was about 603,000 to 561,000—but by carrying the legislature he can claim more of a mandate than can Mr. Nixon.

It was a mandate, first of all, against statehood. Appearances to the contrary, a majority of Puerto Ricans have never been enthusiastic about statehood. In fact, many spokesmen for that position privately express misgivings. The U.S. Navy, which is supposed to stay out of politics, was indiscreet enough to indicate a clear preference for the re-election of Governor Ferré, and thereby underscored some of the undesirable implications of statehood. The Navy, of course, wants to hang on to its gunnery range at Culebra. Ferré was relatively weak on the issue and the Navy would have been glad to see him retain office. The new Governor may not succeed in preventing the Navy from using the Culebra range but he will make a good try. He has promised to go to Washington after he assumes office, and there is little doubt that Culebra will be one topic of his conversations with President Nixon.

The vote was also a mandate for the continuation, at least for the immediate future, of Commonwealth status,

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that anomalous arrangement invented by former Gov. Muñoz Marin, one of the authentic political geniuses of this hemisphere, to fit the facts of an anomalous relationship. Granted that Commonwealth status is confusing and, in some respects, unsatisfactory, in the view of a majority of Puerto Ricans it is preferable to statehood, the continued agitation for which, some of them fear, might polarize opinion on the island. Independence may actually be the secret preference of a majority but it is regarded as impractical. The fact is that many Puerto Ricans are understandably ambivalent. They want whatever benefits the American connection can yield; at the same time, they want to preserve their Spanish language and cultural inheritance and their own cultural traditions. In a word, they want to preserve their identity, and fear that statehood might jeopardize it. And they also want maximum self-government within the framework that Commonwealth status allows. Just how the presence in the United States of perhaps a third of the Puerto Rican population will affect these attitudes, only time will tell.

One bad effect of the intense debate on status has been to divert attention from the island's pressing economic problems. (Mary Greenebaum pointed this out in a perceptive article in *The Nation* of October 23.) Perhaps now, with a virtual mandate for Commonwealth, Colón can turn Puerto Rico's political energies to basic economic problems. An additional difficulty of Commonwealth status, however, is that it imposes limitations on the kinds of approach that might be made to some of the key economic problems. Luring more U.S. investment by tax exemptions and other inducements is not the answer, and jet planes now convey tourists to more distant vacation spots. As Miss Greenebaum pointed out, the island needs a fresh approach to these problems.

The Greening of the Northwest

Portland

Beneath the Nixon landslide are several encouraging signs, such as election of liberals to Congress, state offices and state legislatures. In the long run these victories may prove to be more meaningful than first-glance appearances might indicate, for they presage a realignment in American politics, especially within the Democratic Party.

Consider the Pacific Northwest as an example of what took place across the country. In Washington, where the Republicans had been in control since 1966, the House went Democratic, with 50 per cent of the winners being newcomers to the legislature, and many of them active in liberal causes. In the Senate, Democrats increased their margin from 7 to 12.

Washington districts long regarded as staunchly Republican, including rural areas east of the Cascades, showed a sharp swing toward the Democrats. Veteran Republicans went down before relatively little-known Democrats, many of them young. In Yakima County, traditionally Republican, 29-year-old Ed Ellis upset Rep. Keith Stanton and in southeast Washington two Democrats who had been written off by their own party won easily.

In Oregon, the legislative gains are even more spectacular. The House, in Republican hands since 1965, went Democratic by a margin of 33 to 27. The Senate, formerly governed by a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats, was won by the Democrats, 18 to 12. What is most important in the Oregon legislative races is the victory of staunch liberals and the defeat of conservative-hawkish Republicans.

Sen. Betty Roberts, state chairman of the McGovern campaign committee, was re-elected by a substantial margin and Floyd Heard, a liberal in a rural area, upset a prestigious incumbent.

In the House, a batch of young liberals, active in the anti-war, consumer and ecological movements, won election on their first try. They include four women, each of whom ran against a better-known name and three of whom had male opposition. The most impressive triumph was registered by 38-year-old Vera Katz, the Bella Abzug of Portland's southwest side, who defeated a hitherto popular incumbent by almost 2 to 1.

In other state House contests, winners included veteran legislator Howard Willits, who has probably participated in as many peace and allied demonstrations as anyone in the state; Wally Priestly, several times arrested for peace activities, and making a comeback after a defeat in 1970; young Steve Kafoury, long identified with the activist liberal movement; Bill McCoy, the first black man ever elected to the Oregon legislature and a familiar figure in anti-war marches; and Harvey Akeson, who two years ago initiated an anti-war petition among legislators.

In Multnomah County (Portland) a liberal was elected district attorney, a black woman was elected judge by a 2-to-1 margin over a white man, an anti-war county commissioner was re-elected handily, and a civil liberties lawyer won election to the circuit court bench.

Throughout the state, from the largest cities to the smallest towns and from industrial to rural counties, women were elected in record numbers, many of them scoring firsts in their districts.

These legislative victories in the Northwest may herald the formation of a new political liberalism in America and, if that is consolation, may be as significant as the Nixon landslide.

RALPH FRIEDMAN

Now Hear This!

Civilians, many of whom served in the military during recent wars, have got the impression that, while morale in the Army had been pretty well shot by the Indochinese war and related causes, the Navy was still in psychological good shape. That may have been because ships at sea are not under press surveillance, or because the Navy's public relations officers are singularly efficient; at any rate the image has little relation to the reality.

We now have it on the authority of Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, that the Navy too has fallen on evil days. Calling some eighty admirals and Marine Corps generals to a Pentagon meeting, Admiral Zumwalt addressed these gentlemen in language they have not heard since they were ensigns and lieutenants. The gist of what he said was that the Navy, and he personally, had made an effort to achieve racial justice in the service, that orders had been issued accordingly,

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and that these directives, as they went on down the chain of command, had been ignored, either willfully or by self-deception. The Admiral inveighed against the latter in terms that should resound not only through the Navy but in the White House, where the President has recently blamed "permissiveness" as the cause of domestic turbulence.

"It is self-deception," Admiral Zumwalt declared, "to feel a program is a reality. It is not." This year roughly 12 per cent of new Navy recruits have been black—about the percentage of blacks in the population as a whole. Admiral Zumwalt, seeing what was coming, drew up a program to cope with it. But the program was not implemented. By and large, the blacks have been treated as an inferior group, and the result has been riots aboard ship, insubordination and sabotage.

Continuing with his diagnosis, Zumwalt pointed out that "no program promulgated by any Chief of Naval Operations can really change an attitude. Nor can any CNO know every incident, or even respond to each incident. You cannot run a Navy, or any large organization, if the top must provide all the solutions." That would seem to be self-evident, but in the Nixon Administration the top does not even provide the program, or does so only to dismember it when the votes appear to be on the other side. In the Navy, at least an honest effort seems to have been made at the top.

Admiral Zumwalt made it clear that he was not condoning indiscipline or "coddling." The White House is "permissive" when that suits its purpose, or it knows no other way to deal with a difficult situation. The Indians who wrecked the Bureau of Indian Affairs, including its invaluable collection of Indian art, are a case in point. Damage in destroyed property, lost or damaged records, enforced idleness of employees, pilferage, etc., is said to amount to $2.28 million. Our Indian citizens have been victimized in many ways, but the disgraceful performance in the Bureau of Indian Affairs building will not remedy the grievances—rather the contrary. Yet this time the White House was highly "permissive." After the place had been taken apart, funds were even provided to get the vandals back home—anything to get them out of Washington. That was "coddling," in contrast to the tough treatment of war protesters, some of them disorderly, a while back.

"The evenhanded leadership of men is what it is all about," Admiral Zumwalt concluded. The rule of reason must apply, or there can be neither order nor justice. The answer, in the Navy or country, is not "permissiveness" in the distorted sense in which President Nixon uses the term, nor is it "crackdown." It is reasoned justice. Mr. Nixon should sit under Admiral Zumwalt for a course in common decency and common sense.

Public Sponsor

By act of Congress, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB) is responsible for funding the "quasi-independent" Public Broadcasting Service (PBS). The arrangement is confusing and contains the seeds of conflict and possible partisan bias. Especially in view of President Nixon's plan to slant government further to the Right in his second term, the Public Broadcasting Service and its outlet stations are vulnerable.

As one instance preceding the election, a program, *Victor Marchetti vs. the U.S.*, was shown on October 25 on Channel 13 in New York and in some parts of New Jersey and Connecticut, but apparently not elsewhere. (The Marchetti case is discussed in the editorial, "The Whistle Blowers," *The Nation*, November 6.) For one reason or another, public television stations would rather not handle controversial matters in which the government is a party.

A story by Albin Krebs in *The New York Times* (November 11) may be more than a straw in the wind. The caption is: "Dispute on Program Authority Splits Public TV and Fund Arm." CPB, which furnishes the money, went tentatively into programming by asking the managers of more than 200 local public broadcasting stations if they would be interested in carrying twenty-one hours of the Apollo 17 moon walks, scheduled for December 11-13. Apollo 17 is the last of the series and public interest is flagging; consequently the commercial networks are understood to be planning to curtail their usual extensive coverage. That, of course makes NASA unhappy. And for their part, the PBS officials are unhappy—and angry—that CPB went over their heads to the stations (the scheme appears to be collapsing because NASA refuses to shell out expense money).

A PBS official is quoted in the *Times* article: "What this amounts to is a government agency sponsoring a program for possible propaganda purposes over facilities of a government-funded public TV medium that, by act of Congress, is supposed to be insulated from government interference with program content.

"This would be like letting General Motors underwrite and produce for public TV a program about car safety."

Henry W. Loomis, the new CPB president, has declared, presumably on behalf of Mr. Nixon, that the whole public TV structure is "under review" and that perhaps PBS ought to be liquidated. The *Times* story quotes Loomis to the effect that he believes public TV should refrain from controversial programming and devote itself more to educational shows and to programs for specialized audiences, such as those that watched the Fischer-Spassky chess matches on public TV. It is safe to assume that a Nixon appointee would rather fund and direct a chess program than one featuring Marchetti, blowing his whistle at the CIA. Anyone who sees in such a trend an impending emasculation of public TV is probably not far off the mark.

Harlow Shapley

The Sunday *New York Times* carries a good many political ads aimed at its well-read subscribers. Most of them bear plenty of signatures of university professors, from the Ivy League to the wide-open spaces. In the weeks leading up to November 7 there were even pro-Nixon ads, each bearing a platoon of prestigious academic names. But over the decade those pages have been filled with endorsements of just proposals—from plans for peace

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to the defense of the oppressed—signed by whole regiments of the learned.

It was not always so, and we need to remember that. Full of years, a Harvard professor emeritus died on October 20 in Boulder, Colo., after a long terminal illness. He was Harlow Shapley, distinguished astronomer, whose cheerful energy, keen mind, unflagging wit and forthright courage were at the service of liberal causes in times when the campuses were more Republican than rebellious. A country boy from Missouri, grandson of a stationmaster on the Underground Railroad, Shapley stood at the pinnacle of academic prestige for twenty-five years, through all of which he was a public and active partisan of the Left. Over a lifetime of hard work, not only as a productive and original scientist but as a leader of international cooperation, East and West, he accumulated presidencies, medals and honors—he held seventeen honorary degrees—for what he did for the world community of science. He helped rescue the refugee scholars of the Hitler years; he spoke for science in the FDR campaigns; he helped found UNESCO (and put the "S" in); he visited the USSR in 1945 to try to keep alive an alternative to cold war; he materially assisted astronomy in Poland and in Mexico; he was conspicuous in efforts to bring honest news of science to the general public and particularly to young students. His friends included Henry Wallace and Harry Bridges and Jawaharlal Nehru and astronomers everywhere.

As the House Un-Americans and Senator McCarthy swelled, they challenged Shapley. They had to, for he was there. In 1949, the cold war already frozen, he led a New York conference on a large scale to welcome Soviet artists and scientists in a last effort toward a thaw. The storm grew. His assurance, quickness and ready humor never failed. When Joe McCarthy attacked him by name, Shapley had an answer for the press: "I have heard the statement by Senator McCarthy . . . and I have only to say that the Senator succeeded in telling six lies in four sentences . . . the indoor record for mendacity."

It was Shapley who first showed humanity that its sun lies in the galactic suburbs, 30,000 light years out from the center. Shapley's students and younger colleagues, by now mainly quite senior, are scattered throughout American astronomy. In retirement since 1952, he wrote for us a half-dozen lively books of essays on science and social need and of reminiscence.

Let his epitaph be his own words, from a piece he called *The Five Beasts of My Own Apocalypse (a lay sermon to the young-minded)*: ". . . I name the Beasts: Poverty, Ignorance, Disease, Suspicion, and Enslavement. And the remedies: Material Welfare, Knowledge, Health, Sanity, and Freedom."

PHILIP MORRISON

NEGATIVE LANDSLIDE

THE MYTH THAT WAS REAL

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Mr. Harrington, who resigned as national co-chairman of the Socialist Party-Democratic Socialist Federation in a dispute over the party's cool endorsement of McGovern, is the author of The Other America *and* Socialism *(Saturday Review Press).*

Richard Nixon based his Presidential strategy on a reactionary, utterly erroneous myth about the United States. It coincided with the false consciousness of a majority of the people and it seemed to be corroborated, in part at least, by George McGovern's campaign. The practical conclusion from this analysis is not, however, that the democratic Left need only wait around until Nixon's untruths are revealed for what they are in 1976. There were myths as well on the side of the good guys this year—only, unlike Nixon's, they were not shared by 60 per cent of the electorate. One must be as candid about the illusions of the Left as about those of the Right.

Before discussing this interpretation of recent, and sad, events, I want first to summarize some of the obvious features of the election. The vote was the lowest since 1948 and one can probably assume that the nonvoters, though politically more motivated than usual, found both Nixon and McGovern unacceptable. The President's victory must be seen as personal and negative, since the people increased the Democrats' liberal representation in the Senate and held their losses in the House to thirteen seats (with half of those to be explained by gerrymanders rather than by issues). In some respects, the outcome reminded me of the 1969 Lindsay-Procaccino-Marchi race in New York City: an unpopular Mayor was reelected because both alternatives to him were intolerable. That, it would seem, is the way a good many people viewed the choice between Nixon and McGovern.

In all of this, the actual shift to the Right was of the order of about 4 per cent of the vote. That is, Nixon's and Wallace's 1968 percentages came to about 57 per cent, and Nixon, who labored hard in 1972 for that Wallace vote and took almost all of it, came in this year with just under 61 per cent. And even this trend is less significant than it may seem, given the fact that so many people split their tickets and voted for liberal Democrats after having cast a ballot for the President. But that leads back to the problem of assessing the data. Is the contrast between the Democratic Presidential rout and the Democratic Congressional success to be explained either by McGovern's personality or by the way in which he campaigned? I think not.

To be certain, incidents and events in the campaign contributed to the final result. McGovern was not subjected to really serious scrutiny until Hubert Humphrey's rough attack on him in the California primary—which

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was when he started going downhill. The Eagleton affair was a tremendous, and damaging, blow to the McGovern image, and Wallace's shooting also had an effect upon the race. But basically, Nixon won so handily—and would, I think, have beaten any Democrat this year—because he articulated attitudes which are as popular as they are mistaken. This was the year of the myth that was real.

Mr. Nixon spelled out that myth in considerable detail in his pre-election interview with Garnett D. Horner of the Washington *Star-News*. In the process, he developed his own theory as to why he was about to win in a landslide.

"This country," Mr. Nixon said, "has enough on its plate in the way of new spending programs, social programs, throwing dollars at problems. . . . I don't believe that the answer to the nation's problems is simply more new programs in terms of dollars and in terms of people." In a similar vein: "What we have to realize is that many of the solutions of the sixties were massive failures. They threw money at problems and for the most part they failed." That is the central premise of the Nixon myth: we have been doing too much and it has not worked. A majority of the American people believe that, although they will often give it a bit of a racist twist: we have been doing too much, particularly for the blacks. When *The New York Times* looked over the data which Daniel Yankelovich's surveys had provided, it discovered that the very considerable number of people who answered that the federal government had done too much for the minorities were voting overwhelmingly for Nixon.

In fact, as will be seen, we have not been "throwing dollars at problems," particularly black problems. The President may believe it, and a majority of the voters almost certainly do; but it is not so.

The second element in the Nixon myth is derived from the first: those profligate programs corrupted people's self-reliance and resulted in permissiveness, rising drug addiction, skyrocketing welfare rolls. In Nixon's view in "the thoughts of the sixties . . . it was the government's job every time there was a problem, to make people more dependent upon it to give away to their whims. The welfare mess is an example. The escalation of the numbers on welfare, much of it is a result simply of running down what I call the work ethic." This federal attitude led to an "enormous move toward permissiveness, which led to the escalation in drugs in this country."

Mr. Nixon, and the majority of hard-working voters, think they know that federal permissiveness caused the increase in the welfare rolls and drug addiction. They are, as will be seen, wrong.

The third and most political element of the Nixon myth is an attack upon "a breakdown in frankly what I would call the leadership class of this country." These are the members of "the limousine liberal set" (Nixon uses here the phrase immortalized by Mario Procaccino in that New York mayoralty race) which is found in the Northeast, their "playground." Their error lies in "not recognizing that above everything else you must not weaken a people's character." Nixon proclaims, in an extraordinarily authoritarian image, that he will not make this error: "The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual."

These charges are partly mythic. If anything, it is Nixon who has followed policies which—by adding 2 million to the unemployment rolls and more than 1 million to the number of the poor—have increased dependency in America. But the assertion that the affluent liberals, who loomed so large in the McGovern entourage, are out of contact with the mass of the people is partly accurate. One of the most important reasons for the President's landslide was that that truth was placed in a social context wherein millions drew Nixon's mythic conclusions from it.

However, before focusing on the political consequences of the Nixon myth, it is important to take a closer look at its flawed premises. In Lyndon Johnson's farewell budget, presented in January 1969, just before Nixon took office, there is an accounting of the increase in federal spending during his full term. Between 1964 and 1968, Washington more than doubled its spending for major social programs, investing $37.4 billion in them in 1968. That would seem to substantiate the Nixon image of a bureaucracy which threw money at problems. But 40 per cent of that total, or $14.4 billion, went to increases in social insurance programs, and 33 per cent, or $11.2 billion, went to health, primarily to Medicare or Medicaid. That is, more than three-quarters of the increase in federal outlays between 1964 and 1968 went to programs which have the overwhelming support of the American people, including the support of a majority of those who voted for Nixon.

The other increments in those years were much more modest. There was a $2.5 billion increase in welfare spending; $5.6 billion was added to education and manpower programs; $1.1 billion more for low- and moderate-income housing; and $2.4 billion for community and regional development. "Excluding special Vietnam costs and the self-financed social insurance trust-funds," the Johnson budget concluded, "outlays have been declining as a share of the nation's output."

Why, then, if the actual expenditures from Washington did not rise very fast in the 1960s do so many people believe that they did? The answer, I think, is that the Johnson administration gave the rhetorical impression of much more innovation than was actually taking place. The gains under Johnson were quite real in areas like medicine and education, and unemployment was substantially reduced. But how many citizens know that the bold plan of 1968 to have the federal government make certain that 2.6 million units of low-cost housing would be built in the next ten years never went beyond the stage of pious wish (albeit a pious wish passed into law)? So it was with the blacks and other minorities; very important progress was made in open accommodations and voting rights, but the basically inferior position of the Negro in the American economy did not change.

It is simply not true, therefore, that Kennedy and Johnson were throwing money around—although Johnson

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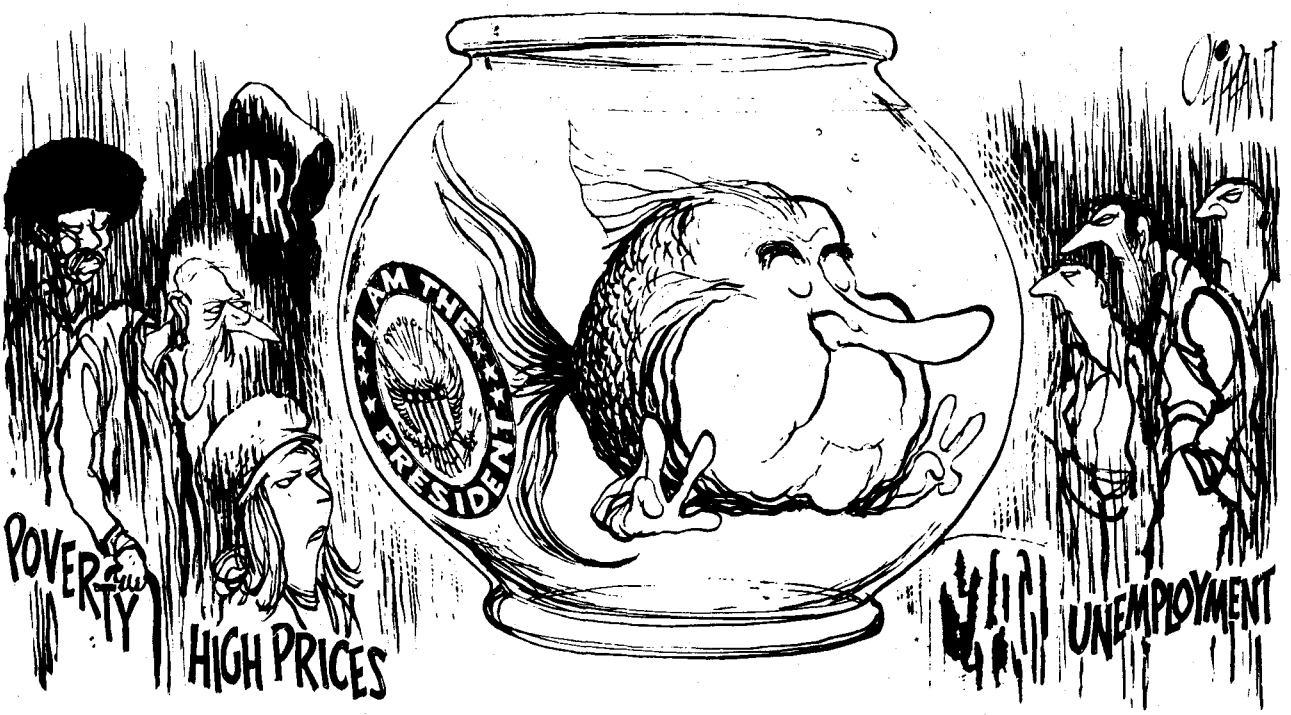

Denver Post

sometimes might have seemed to be doing so. Given that fact, the second portion of the Nixon myth—that federal profligacy created a permissiveness in the society which encouraged welfare dependence and drug addiction—should fall. It does.

To begin with, only one-half of those officially defined as poor in the United States receive any welfare payments at all. The rolls grew, in considerable measure, because 20 per cent of the poor who had been legally qualified for aid all along were finally claiming what was theirs. But half of the poor still get nothing—and one-third of the families of the poor are headed by a full-time, working male, i.e., by devotees of Nixon's work ethic who are cruelly used by the economy. Moreover, welfare benefits in the United States are on the average one-half of what the government defines as desperate need. And the welfare population is, by a majority, composed of children and the aging, people whom even Mr. Nixon has not yet proposed to drive into the labor market.

The idea that welfare caused the increase in drug addiction is a pathetic exercise in pop sociology. The great New York heroin epidemic broke out in the ghettos in the 1950s, i.e., during the Eisenhower/Nixon administration, at a time when the welfare rolls were much lower than now. And societies with much better welfare provisions, like England, have about 0.5 per cent of the American drug problem. Indeed, if one wanted to make a simplified (and half-true) argument about the social causes of addiction, one would observe that this problem is greatest among the young who are both poor and black, that is to say among those whose life has been made more miserable and addiction-prone because of the Nixon policies.

Why then does Nixon's theme strike such a responsive chord among the people? I suspect it is because the society has indeed become more permissive, but not for the reasons that Nixon cites. There has been a decline in religious belief, caused by factors beyond the control of Richard Nixon, or any other President. That has removed a good number of inhibitions from social life. At the same time, the authority of the family has declined, relative affluence has made a youth culture possible (and profitable), and young workers on the assembly line don't even scramble for overtime any more. The church's legitimacy is in decline; so are those of the Army and the corporation. These transformations do indeed create worrisome problems, not the least because they occur, not as part of an emancipating, creative movement of the Left but within a context of the old order. Tens of millions of Americans are genuinely and even rightfully worried and Mr. Nixon provides them with a convenient scapegoat: federal permissiveness.

However, and this gets to the political portion of the Nixon theory, there is one group that can be identified as the human agents of this disturbing permissiveness: the affluent liberals and radicals who formed the basis for McGovern's candidacy in the primaries. They do indeed stand for abortion reform, the legalization of marijuana, sexual freedom and amnesty for opponents of the war in Vietnam. That very fact should give Mr. Nixon pause with regard to his own hypothesis, for it locates a tendency toward permissiveness, not in the welfare dependents at the bottom of the society but in the upper-middle and even upper classes. Since these people also favor federal programs and social investments, Nixon was able to link up the McGovern campaign with the massive unrest in the society about the poor, the black, the drug users—and about the decline in traditional values.

I am of two minds about this part of the Nixon myth. On the one hand, there must be abortion reform, the marijuana laws are insane, homosexuals and others should be freed from persecution, and there should be an amnesty for the anti-warriors once the conflict in Viet-

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nam ends. That is to say, the McGovernites were in part penalized by Nixon, and by the huge majority who rallied to the President, for being right. On the other hand, one can see in this constituency a suicidal desire to maximize its handicaps, to present these essentially good positions in such a way as to insure the greatest hostility to them. In particular, the original McGovern constituency was utterly insensitive to the white working class—and particularly the Catholic white working class—in those areas where it could, and should, have demonstrated some cause for its views. Accordingly, when McGovern came to areas in which a principled politician had to take some losses because of his commitment to good but unpopular causes, he had no prior sympathy on which he could call.

In all of this, I think, McGovern, who is a serious politician, was often the victim of his followers. He did make a serious effort after he had won the nomination to stress the blue-collar themes of full employment, hostility to corporate political and economic power, etc. But by then the Nixon myth had already descended upon his candidacy. He was perceived, quite wrongly, as the spokesman of those upper-class affluents who were corrupting the youth, the poor and the minorities by tolerating outrageous crimes, drug use, religious blasphemy and contempt for the flag. In fact, the policies that McGovern proposed—like a guaranteed job for every citizen—might have made at least a dent in some of the problems that Nixon cited, whereas Nixon's actions have demonstrably made things worse in the very area of his supposedly most passionate concern. But people saw—and voted on—an inverted perception of social reality.

If, then, Mr. Nixon was quite right and shrewd in appraising the basic source of his triumph—as I think he was—what practical lessons should the democratic Left draw from his wily analysis? First of all, it is clear that a tremendous educational job remains to be done. Above all, the pernicious theory that the "failure" of the 1960s was occasioned by a profligate spending of money must be laid to rest. Since a new conservatism is emerging in this country—most notably around the magazine, *The Public Interest*—that task will not be easy. But it must be done, first of all on a serious and meticulous intellectual level, then in the form of popular education.

Secondly, it is crucial that the Left advocate policies which will unite the interests of the poor and the minorities with those of the white working class—and put them in the very forefront of its program. Demands for reparations, or for minority employment, which seem to be, or are, demands for white unemployment, will not be happily greeted by trade unionists. The strategy must always be to put forward proposals which will benefit the majority and not just the most needful minority. I have thought for some time that this was the proper way to act; now that 50 per cent of the trade unionists and a majority of the Catholics in America have voted for Richard Nixon, it becomes the more imperative.

Thirdly, there is a need for reconciliation between the major forces of a potential progressive Democratic majority. McGovern's basic constituency—issue-oriented, white, college-educated—has proved itself a major factor in American politics, one strong enough to be necessary to any liberal victory; and it has also demonstrated that, alone, it cannot possibly win. George Meany's basic constituency has proved itself stronger than the McGovernites because in 1968, almost single-handedly, it just missed electing Hubert Humphrey. But it was not a near majority, since 13.3 per cent of the vote that year went to Wallace. In reality, it was only four or five points stronger than the vote that McGovern rallied. The laborites are thus both crucial, even decisive, for any future victory and unable to win on their own.

So there will either be a reconciliation of the best elements in the Meany labor and McGovern New Politics constituencies, or else 1972 was the Year One of the New Republican era. I do not accept that second alternative as inevitable. The myth was more real than reality this year and Nixon won. That need not be true in 1976. □

PYRRHIC PLOY

REMEMBER CAMBODIA?

E. W. PFEIFFER
Mr. Pfeiffer is professor of zoology at the University of Montana and a co-author of Harvest of Death: Chemical Warfare in Indochina *(Free Press/Macmillan). He visited Cambodia in 1969 and 1971 and was in Hanoi in 1970.*

While on a visit to Hanoi in June 1970 my two companions and I met with Premier Pham Van Dong. During the conversation, I asked the Premier to evaluate Nixon's invasion of Cambodia which had occurred one month earlier. His answer was straightforward: "It makes things very favorable for the success of our revolution." By "our revolution" I supposed him to mean the revolution of the Indochinese people against foreign invaders.

How well does Premier Pham Van Dong's 1970 evaluation accord with the situation of Cambodia in late 1972? Recent dispatches from Indochina suggest that he knew what he was talking about. According to the A.P. (September 1), only one-third of Cambodia is still under "Khmer Republic" control. It has been revealed that the tanks used in the fall offensive against the An Loc area (only a short distance from Saigon) came from the Chup Rubber Plantation and nearby areas in Cambodia. These are the very areas that President Nixon characterized in April 1970 as "Communist sanctuaries" that must be cleaned out.

Two factors have been principally responsible for the failure of Nixon's Cambodian policies. First, the Presi-

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dent was badly misinformed about past U.S.-Cambodian-Vietnamese relations and about the situation on the Vietnamese-Cambodian border prior to the March 1970 change in the Cambodian Government. For instance, in his speech of April 30, 1970, announcing the U.S. invasion of the Fishhook region of Cambodia, Mr. Nixon stated: "Tonight American and South Vietnamese units will attack the headquarters for the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam. This key control center has been occupied by the North Vietnamese and Vietcong for five years in blatant violation of Cambodia's neutrality." Mr. Nixon, standing in front of a map of Cambodia, put his finger on the little town of Mimot as he made this accusation. That puzzled me a great deal, for I had spent two days in and around Mimot about four months before the U.S. attack, and knew it to be controlled by French and Cambodian rubber interests. Many Europeans were working there, and some of them (e.g., a Belgian plant pathologist) were in complete sympathy with the American effort in South Vietnam. These Europeans were living with their wives and children in an environment of complete tranquillity. We asked many of them whether they had seen any sign of North Vietnamese or Vietcong activity and they all answered no.

My colleague A. H. Westing and I had visited the region to inspect the damage done by a clandestine defoliation raid carried out in April-May of 1969 over almost 200,000 acres of eastern Cambodia. According to a letter I received some months later from Sen. Frank Church, the raid was carried out by Air America, a CIA airline, for what purposes we still do not know. After the raid, the Sihanouk regime asked that American officials visit the region, with a view to making reparations for the damage. Although the U.S. Government to this day officially denies having carried out this operation, it did send a team of experts, including Charles Minarik of the Chemical Warfare Laboratories, U.S. Army, into the Mimot region shortly after the raids. This team's report describes how they were flown over the region, driven through it, and how they walked in it—just as Westing and I did some months later. It is inconceivable to me that the North Vietnamese and Vietcong, who according to Nixon controlled the area, would have permitted an official U.S. Government team to wander through what Nixon called "the headquarters for the entire Communist military operations in South Vietnam." After the invasion began it was widely reported that no key control center could be found. Some arms caches were reportedly uncovered and, of course, a great deal of rice. The rice did not greatly surprise me, since at the time we were there, the main occupation, in addition to tapping rubber, was harvesting rice.

When speaking about the Cambodian "Communist sanctuaries," Mr. Nixon failed to mention that, on orders of Prince Sihanouk, troops of the Royal Cambodian Army had in fact swept these areas about three months before his invasion. The troops were led by Prince Sirik Matak, a loyal American protégé and one of those later involved in Sihanouk's overthrow. Sihanouk ordered Matak to search out and destroy all Communist-Vietnamese positions in Cambodia. Paul Bennett of the Cambodian desk of the State Department informed me in an interview, March 22, 1971: "A Cambodian Army operation began in January of 1970 in a northeastern province at approximately the time when Sihanouk left for France and when Prince Sirik Matak was Acting Prime Minister. They sent up a number of additional battalions, among the better troops in the Cambodian Army, and carried out a series of small sweeps generally in this area. They did have, as I recall, a number of contacts with small V.C. and North Vietnamese units. They found and destroyed a number of small supply dumps, a relatively small campsite, but there was no major contact with the main North Vietnamese forces." Where were the thousands of North Vietnamese troops that Nixon said had occupied the area for five years?

Besides being mistaken about the nature of the so-called Communist sanctuaries in eastern Cambodia, Mr. Nixon grossly misrepresented the facts when he stated that "American policy since 1954 has been to scrupulously respect the neutrality of Cambodia. . . . North Vietnam, however, has not respected that neutrality." The defoliation of vast sections of the rubber plantations, mentioned above, was one blatant violation of Cambodia's neutrality, and there are many others. During my first visit to Cambodia we inspected what was left of Dak Dam, a little town in the central highlands just across the border from the special forces camp at Bu Prang, South Vietnam. Six weeks before our visit this town, which was about a quarter mile from a Royal Cambodian Army antiaircraft position, had been savagely attacked by U.S. fighter bombers. The antiaircraft positions were destroyed, as well as a school, a hospital and an ambulance. Twenty-five Cambodians were killed and several wounded in this attack, reported by the American military in Saigon as having been carried out against a North Vietnamese gun position in Cambodia.

Once again the government of Sihanouk invited Americans to see for themselves what they had done in violation of the agreements signed to respect each other's neutrality. American and International Control Commission officers visited the site and learned that all twenty-five killed had been Cambodians and that the attacks had damaged only Cambodian installations. Westing and I were able to verify these conclusions. The Americans did not correct the original Saigon assessment and the report on the Dak Dam incident is still classified. The State Department later apologized and paid $400 for each Cambodian killed. This brutal attack occurred because the Cambodians had dared to open fire on American aircraft that were continually violating the air space around Dak Dam. The Cambodians had hit one of the American airplanes, as they had every right to do, and the Americans retaliated, falsely calling it an attack upon a North Vietnamese position.

This sort of activity had been repeated many times over the years by the Americans and their South Vietnamese allies. A white paper published by the Royal Government pointed out that "all of the very serious incidents of the past years committed by the American-South Vietnamese aggressive forces have been the subject of detailed inquiry by the International Control

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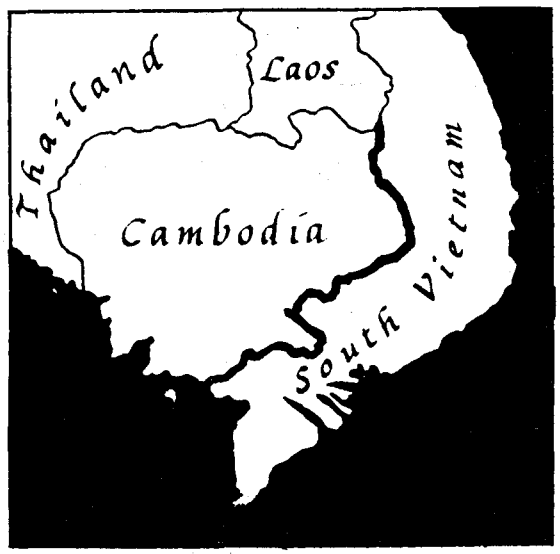
Commission. They underline the fact that the victims of these attacks have always been only Cambodians, almost always peasants at work. . . . No Vietcong body has ever been recovered on the sites of these ground attacks nor in the frontier villages machine-gunned or bombed by American aviation."

In addition to Cambodians and the International Control Commission, former American officials have reported American violations of Cambodia's neutrality. For instance, a Captain Marasco stated on a 1970 NBC television documentary program that he had frequently sent teams into Cambodia from a base near the Parrot's Beak. Marasco said, "I'm sure that the CIA and the South Vietnamese counterpart of the CIA had intelligence agents inside Cambodia." When I asked Mr. Bennett of the State Department if operations of this sort did not violate the neutrality of Cambodia, he answered: "I have no comment on measures that we take to insure the safety of our troops by finding out what threats exist." The United States could, however, have called upon the International Control Commission to determine what threats existed in Cambodia to its forces in Vietnam.

Nixon, when affirming U.S. respect for Cambodian neutrality, failed to mention the part played by the United States and its Cambodian friends in the March 18th coup against Sihanouk. The official U.S. line was that it was "very surprising" when Sihanouk was deposed. I learned something about the coup when I



interviewed the present Premier of the "Republic of Cambodia," Son Ngoc Thanh, in August 1971 at his house in Phnom Penh. (He had been Prime Minister of Cambodia once before—when the Japanese occupied the country during World War II.) Thanh sees himself as a devoted Cambodian freedom fighter who began his struggle against the French. That led him to collaborate with the Japanese, and he now collaborates with the Americans in an attempt to destroy the Cambodian monarchy and set up the so-called "Republic." Thanh organized a group of expatriate and ethnic Cambodians living in South Vietnam and Thailand into a movement called the Khmer Serei. This movement began, according to Thanh, as part of the struggle against the French, but in the late 1950s in Thailand and in South Vietnam these groups began to receive American support. Again according to Thanh, U.S. special forces began in 1958 the military training of Cambodians living in Vietnam and these Cambodians, many of them recruited from the Khmer Serei, were organized by General Harkins in what was called "Mike Force," a highly trained mobile strike force. Thanh says his Khmer Serei received some U.S. money and all of its weapons from the United States in the late 1950s and early 1960s. In 1965 the Khmer Serei openly announced that it was carrying out a struggle against Sihanouk. Despite this, Sihanouk on January 5, 1969, granted an amnesty to all Khmer Serei. Shortly thereafter, Thanh told me, some 200 Khmer Serei soldiers crossed the border from Thailand and supposedly surrendered to the Royal Army. On June 12, 1969, a second contingent of several hundred soldiers also crossed into the northwestern part of Cambodia and were incorporated like their comrades into the Royal Army. One can imagine that it was through the infiltration of the Royal Army by these U.S.-trained Cambodians that the CIA maintained contact with the forces involved in the coup. These men, actually natives of Thailand and South Vietnam, formed the chief line of defense for the Lon Nol regime in the early days of the coup.

President Nixon stated that one reason for the American invasion of Cambodia was that the North Vietnamese had carried out a massive invasion after the overthrow of Sihanouk. He did not mention that thousands of ethnic Cambodians from South Vietnam, organized as "Mike Force," were flown into Phnom Penh within days of the coup. It is important to realize that these men were actually Cambodian-Vietnamese, just as foreign to Cambodia as the North Vietnamese. This is proved by the following situation about which I learned during my visit in August 1971. In the days immediately after the coup these mercenaries were paid in Cambodian money, but their families and ancestral homes were in South Vietnam where the Cambodian money was worthless. U.S. Embassy officials in Phnom Penh told me that this caused considerable trouble.

It is obvious that the Americans had anticipated and prepared for the overthrow of Sihanouk for years, and had developed a highly trained and mobile Cambodian military force in South Vietnam that they could use quickly to support the new regime. In the NBC program featuring Marasco, the captain was asked, "Do you think it is possible that a man like Sihanouk could have been deposed by his own generals just on their own, or have you ever thought there was some other thing involved in what happened to Sihanouk?" *Marasco*: "I don't doubt that there was some other thing involved in his being deposed. I don't doubt that some other people have had something to do with it." *NBC*: "Like who?" *Marasco*: "Like other governments, other intelligence organizations." *NBC*: "American, South Vietnamese, or both?" *Marasco*: "Both." In my interview with him, Bennett of the State Department said: "There were so-called

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Khmer Serei groups headed by Son Ngoc Thanh in both Thailand and South Vietnam operating along the borders. There was a group of about 100 people captured in Battambang province just over the Thai border in Cambodia about June or July of 1969 who were allegedly Khmer Serei and recruited, as far as I know, into the Royal Army, conceivably even into the police as well. . . . The special forces have for years helped train, organize and lead irregular forces used, among others, in areas along the Cambodian border. Many of the Cambodians recruited for this may have had Khmer Serei affiliations."

On April 6, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* published an account of an interview with Prime Minister Thanh which confirmed what he had told me the previous year. According to the *Inquirer*, "Beginning in 1965 the U.S. paid millions of dollars to train, arm and support his [Thanh's] forces, most of whom were recruited from the Cambodian minority living in South Vietnam's delta. Large-scale Khmer Serei defections to the Cambodian Government were reported in 1969 and may have been part of Thanh's invasion plan to overthrow Sihanouk. According to reliable sources, the repatriated Khmer Serei units were serving in the Royal Army under Lon Nol and spearheaded political demonstrations in Phnom Penh just before the coup. After checking with his American friends, Thanh committed his U.S. trained and financed forces to the Lon Nol coup. The CIA, he said, had promised that the U.S. would do everything possible to help."

Nixon's assertion that the United States practiced complete respect for Cambodian neutrality does not accord with the facts. And these inaccurate interpretations of U.S.-Cambodian relations led to incorrect predictions of what would happen after the coup and the American invasion. Three major factors upset the Administration's game plan for Cambodia. These were described to me at length in a June 1970 interview in Hanoi with Xeng An, the Ambassador from Sihanouk's Royal Government of National Union, which now controls most of Cambodian territory. Mr. An pointed out that the peasants had had a great loyalty and respect for Sihanouk because he had kept war from their lives. They had known perfectly well what the war was doing to the people across the border in Vietnam. Secondly, the Americans guessed wrong on Sihanouk's behavior. They had expected him to retire to France, as did the Emperor Bao Dai, the last Royal Vietnamese ruler. Instead, the Prince joined his former enemies—the Indochinese Marxists—and set up the United National Front of Cambodia and the Royal Government of National Union which he now heads. Thus American actions forced a devout Buddhist and anti-Communist ruler, Sihanouk, into the hands of Nixon's Indochinese enemies; and the Prince brought with him the support of the vast majority of Cambodian peasants. If the Nixon Administration had left Sihanouk's Cambodia alone, I believe it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the revolutionary forces of Indochina to launch the massive offensive with tanks that erupted from the so-called sanctuaries that Nixon had sworn to clean out.

The third factor that the Americans failed to predict correctly was the effect of inciting anti-Vietnamese feelings among Cambodians. Xeng An, during his interview, discussed this point at some length, saying that it poses irreconcilable contradictions for the American policy in Cambodia. He stressed that, in order to arouse the Cambodians against the so-called Vietcong and North Vietnamese, the U.S.-supported Lon Nol clique had needed to arouse them against Vietnamese in general. To expect then that they would welcome the Saigon Vietnamese as liberators from the Communist Vietnamese was quite irrational, as events of recent months have shown. Pitched battles have been fought between Cambodian troops and their so-called South Vietnamese-Saigon allies. And the relationship between the Saigon regime and the Phnom Penh regime grows increasingly strained.

All of this must now be known to the Nixon Administration, and that, probably, is why we hear so little today about Cambodia. □

PATRICK GRAY

NIXON'S MAN AT THE FBI

WILLIAM W. TURNER
Mr. Turner, a former FBI agent, is the author of Hoover's FBI *(Sherbourne Press; Dell paperback)* and Power on the Right *(Ramparts Press).*

In a recent press interview, acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray III struggled to minimize the financial wheeling-dealing of Wesley G. Grapp, whom he had just deposed as head of the large Los Angeles office. Gray insisted that Grapp's downfall had resulted from failure to accede to updated codes of personal grooming and from tapping agents' telephone conversations, and had nothing to do with the wangling of some $265,000 in bank loans. "We have to protect the institution," he said. "It would be the first case of corruption in the FBI, and it isn't that at all."

Gray was sounding like his boss, Richard Nixon, who didn't want to be the first President to lose a war. And he was acting in a perfectly Nixonian manner, keeping the lid on potential scandal. In his first six months of office, the retired Navy captain has given every indication that he is not his own man at all but a Nixon political lieutenant assigned to the FBI. His secretive handling of the Grapp affair, which might otherwise have inconvenienced some of the President's biggest political angels, is one example. His conduct of the Watergate inquiry,

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steering it well clear of the White House, is another.

When he selected Gray, Nixon declared it was an interim appointment, to keep the FBI out of politics until after the election. And in truth, the President was hardly eager for another showdown in the Senate of the Haynsworth-Carswell-Kleindienst type while the campaign was on. As he undoubtedly figured it, no one could be expected to make an issue of the grayish Gray, who wouldn't be there long in any case.

But now it looks as though Gray will be the first man to sit in the director's chair of the huge new FBI headquarters rising across from the Justice Department on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the space allotted to files and dossiers is roughly equal to eight football fields. Buoyed by a favorable press that describes him as "shaking up" and "modernizing" the encrusted bureau, Gray gives every sign that he intends to stay permanently, and there has been no clear signal from the White House to the contrary.

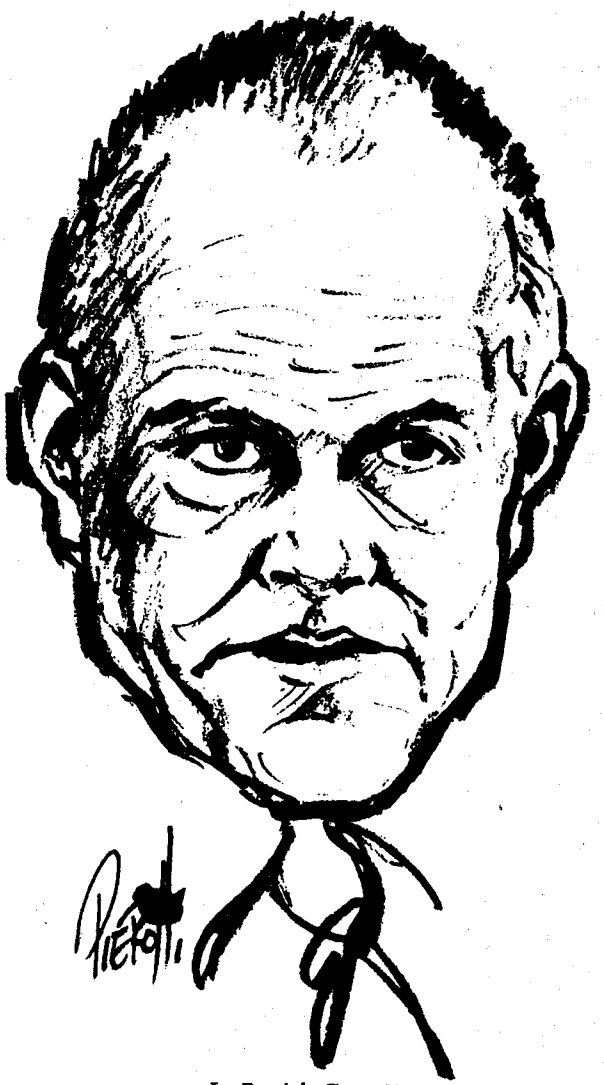
Thus it is appropriate to inspect more closely the obscure ex-military officer now in command of the most powerful of federal agencies. An Annapolis graduate who spent most of his twenty-year career in the submarine service, Gray obtained a law degree under Navy auspices and, in 1960, retired to private practice in New London, Conn., where most of his clients were Navy people. He plunged into politics in the Nixon campaign of 1960, and repeated his efforts in the 1968 win. Evidently impressed, Robert Finch brought him into HEW, and in 1970 he moved over to the Justice Department's civil division.

There Gray became a political spear carrier. In April 1971 he headed a team of assistants who obtained a federal court injunction forbidding the Vietnam Veterans Against the War to camp overnight on the Capitol grounds. The vets encamped anyhow. Envisioning the publicity nightmare of arresting sleeping veterans, Gray did nothing. Hailed before Judge George L. Hart, Jr., who had issued the injunction, he was dressed down unmercifully. "The judiciary has been degraded by this whole affair and the manner in which it has been handled," fumed the judge. "I don't think it could have been handled worse."

Gray played a less visible role in the drawn-out hearings on the nomination of Richard G. Kleindienst as Attorney General in early 1972. It was he who decided which requests by the Senate Judiciary Committee for data on the nominee's position in several antitrust cases against International Telephone & Telegraph would be honored. He proved extremely stingy. Not only did he keep all of the Department's ITT files out of the committee's grasp; he wouldn't even release a list of the materials deemed unfit for public disclosure.

This kind of fealty may have been rewarded by Nixon's surprise selection of Gray over a host of candidates who seemed better qualified to head the FBI. The Administration must have known that, after forty-six years of one-man rule, there were plenty of skeletons in the bureau closet, and Gray had demonstrated an ability to keep doors shut. He was soon put to the test again. Within days of his appointment, letters began to arrive from Los Angeles personnel bearing word of Wesley Grapp's financial shenanigans. Within weeks, the Watergate file was resting heavily on his desk.

From the start the GOP tried to portray the Watergate burglary as a fumbling caper by overenthusiastic supporters who had no official authorization. It was decided to place the investigation in the hands of the FBI, thus borrowing on its above-politics reputation, rather than bring in a special prosecutor or commission.



L. Patrick Gray III

At the time, no one seemed to notice that giving this task to Gray's FBI might be akin to asking a rabbit to deliver a carrot.

Yet Gray was making no effort to disguise his partisanship. He roamed the country voicing support not only for Nixon's tough law-enforcement stand but for his policies on a strong military establishment as well. As a concrete example of his partiality, he sent out a teletype message to twenty-one field offices seeking up-to-the-minute crime data which was prefaced: "In order for John Ehrlichman to give the President maximum support on campaign trips during the next several weeks, the following information is required."

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Gray severely circumscribed the Watergate probe. He ordered agents not to follow leads without Justice Department permission, an exercise in red tape certain to cause delay and frustration. When G-men met a wall of silence at the White House—"Trying to interview these people was like trying to interview members of the Black Panther Party," an FBI source was quoted by *The Washington Post*—Gray refused to intercede with the President to force cooperation; instead, he told his men to persevere through normal channels.

In response to Sen. George McGovern's charge that the FBI investigation appeared less than encompassing, Gray fired off a barrage of statistics—333 agents used up 14,000 man-hours in covering 1,800 leads—that rivaled J. Edgar Hoover at his numerical best. And even before the investigation was terminated, Gray asserted that it "strains the credulity" to believe that Nixon could have perpetrated a "con job" on the American people. In the end, it was only by the dogged digging of reporters that the sordid story of political espionage, sabotage and "dirty tricks" was uncovered. Watergate turned out to be but one component of a widespread network whose lines led directly to the White House.

It was not Gray's fault, of course, that the story was too big to be contained, and he tried diligently to minimize the damage. In seemingly unrelated moves, he transferred the head of the sensitive Washington field office, Robert G. Kunkel, to St. Louis, and Assistant Director Charles W. Bates to San Francisco as agent in charge. On the surface, Kunkel was in trouble for altering the report of a scuffle involving an FBI agent during an anti-war rally, and Bates had been shifted in line with a new policy permitting "top-ranking bureau officials to have tours of duty in the field." What the two men had in common was not mentioned. As chief of the general investigative division, Bates had been in overall charge of the Watergate investigation; Kunkel had worked directly under him, deploying his agents to do the legwork. Both, it is said, talked too freely with journalist friends.

The Wesley Grapp affair also threatened to get out of hand until Gray diverted it away from the $265,000 in loans and toward such amusements as mustaches and office bugs. A South Dakotan, Grapp had gotten off to a winging start in the FBI as the political godson of Sen. Karl Mundt. But he quickly made his own mark as a Captain Queeg, a breed the FBI's ancient martinet had appreciated. As a Hoover favorite, he became so powerful that in 1968 he flatly refused a transfer from Los Angeles to Boston. And when an inspection team showed up later that year in response to a battery of allegations leveled by agents, Grapp sent them back to Washington empty-handed. "I don't have anything to fear from the inspectors," he boasted at an agents' conference. "They can't touch me."

Grapp was persistently on the make with the rich and the influential. In Oklahoma City, for instance, he frequented the Petroleum Club and cultivated the oil elite. In Los Angeles, he accepted an honorary membership in the swank Lakeside Golf Club (regular memberships cost $13,000), and penetrated the inner sanctums of such exclusive businessmen's groups as the Hundred Club. He once told an aide, "I'm just using the bureau as a stepping stone to bigger things."

Apparently Grapp achieved his "bigger things" without leaving the FBI. On a salary which would peak at $36,000 a year, he accumulated assets totaling some $360,000. Of this, $125,000 was in real estate holdings, and he had some $200,000 in common stocks, which he used as collateral in borrowing $265,000 from five lending institutions.

How could a career bureaucrat amass this small fortune? The question was first asked in the form of "certain allegations" received by the FBI on May 10, eight days after Hoover's death. When a two-day inquiry brought no action, fresh allegations came in. An inspection squad spent close to three weeks in Los Angeles, turning in its report on August 17. On August 25 Grapp was censured, suspended without pay for twenty-five days, and banished to the small El Paso office. But not for financial improprieties. According to Gray, he had defied new grooming standards by punishing several agents for growing mustaches (one had been sent on a non-mission into the desert, where he was felled by heat prostration). Still the complaints poured in. On September 15 Grapp was demoted from agent in charge and transferred to Minneapolis as an ordinary sleuth, assertedly for recording agents' phone conversations in violation of regulations. The sticky affair ended in compromise shortly thereafter, when Gray rescinded the demotion and allowed Grapp to retire at his highest pay scale.

Still, waspish reporters pressed the FBI chief on the financial angle. He refused to release what his inspectors had found and insisted that no laws or rules had been violated. But the reporters had ferreted out some details on their own. Following a 1968 kidnapping in which the young victim was returned unharmed, Grapp had obtained a $37,500 loan from the Fidelity Bank, whose president was the victim's father. At the same time, he came into possession of 20,006 shares of First Fidelity Co., the bank's holding company. Thereafter, Grapp secured two loans totaling $135,000, plus a home mortgage of $55,000, from the City National Bank of Beverly Hills. As it turned out, he didn't simply walk through the doors and apply to the nearest loan officer. City National is run by Alfred Hart, an old crony of J. Edgar Hoover who accompanied the G-man on his annual pilgrimages to the Del Mar race track near San Diego (Hart once was an officer of Gold Seal Liquors in Chicago, cited by the Kefauver Committee as a mob front dominated by Joey Fusco). Grapp met Hart through Hoover.

Earlier this year, the smallish Fidelity Bank hit financial shoals and was "rescued" by the United States National Bank. In consummating the merger, United States National wrote off as uncollectable $5 million in loans floated by Fidelity, among them the Grapp note (Grapp maintains he is not in arrears on any loan payments). United States National is part of the business empire of C. Arnholt Smith, a major Nixon contributor and central figure in the abortive ITT payoff which would have brought the Republican convention to San Diego. Smith, in company witn convicted tax dodger and heavy Nixon contributor John Alessio, headed a syndicate that sev-

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eral years ago held the lease on the Del Mar race track.

While a tight little socio-political clique is proof of nothing, it is no wonder that an FBI spokesman stated, "We're trying to guard against saying we know all of Grapp's financial dealings. We've investigated as far as we can." Under Gray, politicalization of the FBI is out in the open. That is the only substantial difference between him and Hoover, who, despite his right-wing bias, insisted that the bureau was above politics.

At least Gray, as a transparently political creature, has unwittingly performed a service. For now the FBI has been identified as a political arm of the current Administration, just as is its parent organization, the Justice Department. This means that any overdue reshaping of the bureau, any dilution of its police-state powers, any turning of its prowess toward laying bare Republican scandals, must await the election of a more progressive administration.

In the meantime, the job of watching the watchers falls by default to the press. □

POPULATION & POLLUTION

DO WE DARE TO GROW?

S. FRED SINGER

Mr. Singer is professor of environmental sciences and member of the Center for Advanced Studies at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. He is editor and co-author of Is There an Optimum Level of Population? *(McGraw-Hill).*

Earlier this year, the papers carried an interesting statistic about our economic progress: the median family income had just exceeded $10,000 per year. To be clear about the jargon, this means that one-half of the families had an income of more than $10,000 per year and one-half were making less. In 1950, the median family income had been about $3,300. Even taking inflation into account, real income has more than doubled in a little more than twenty years. The proportion of families considered poor by the criteria that the U. S. Government uses has decreased gradually; from 18 per cent in 1959 to 10 per cent in 1968; and the proportion of consumer income spent on food dropped steadily, from 24 per cent in 1950 to 18.5 per cent in 1968. That last is yet another way of indicating that things have been getting better for the average individual: he can spend a larger part of his income on housing, recreation and luxuries. Not a bad record for economic growth.

If we are so rich, then why aren't we happy? Why didn't we celebrate a couple of years back when the gross national product for the first time exceeded $1 trillion? Most of our politicians, a good many economists and the Japanese still believe in the GNP. But lately, we have witnessed a wave of disillusionment, particularly among the young and affluent, which has expressed itself in a variety of ways, from protests and bombing, to dropping out and returning to the "simple life." While prosperity has become more widespread and the struggle to survive a great deal easier—all because of economic growth—the very concept of economic growth has come under increasing attack.

To a large extent the severity of the attack is produced by what one might call the "multiplier-effect" of the mass media. But when the faddish aspects are stripped away, there would still seem to have occurred a decided swing away from "growth-mania," the one-before-latest fad. In this context, one distinction is essential: opposition to economic growth should be kept separate from that to population growth—even though the two growths are often related and often lumped together. Economic growth can, and maybe should, proceed without population growth.

The attack on economic growth is based on three propositions—all of them superficially correct. (*1*) The GNP does not represent quality of life. (*2*) The resources of the earth, on which our prosperity is based, are finite. (*3*) Environmental pollution has been getting worse. My purpose here is to look at these points a little more closely.

The GNP doesn't measure quality of life and can't tell us how happy we are. Of course not—it was never intended to do anything but measure the yearly output of all goods and services that are paid for in what economists refer to as the marketplace. Liberated economists, like Kenneth Boulding, have long realized and extensively preached that the GNP should not be used as an indicator of national well-being, or "welfare" in the economic sense of the word. The GNP is a reasonably good way to aggregate apples and oranges and haircuts and medical costs. But it cannot tell you how attractive your haircut was or whether the medicine improved your health. It simply counts how much you paid the barber and the doctor. And if you got something really good, like a home-cooked meal with home-grown ingredients, the GNP would not record that satisfaction. It never records the work output of the housewife—since she is not paid. The easiest way to raise the GNP is to start paying your wife a salary. But the GNP does include other things, like expenditures for Vietnam, repair costs for shoddy automobiles, and the cost of replacing all the windows that were broken by juvenile delinquents. It includes the cost of commuting to work, which is a kind of "regrettable necessity," and the price of controlling pollution.

The GNP is a mixed bag and it is surprising that people are just now beginning to wake up to this fact. As for an index of happiness, we don't have one. Research is being done to devise an index that would at least be a more accurate measure of the real welfare than is the

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GNP, but we are far from having it available. We badly need such a "welfare-index," which would properly count what households consume or enjoy, but would not include the regrettably necessary expenditures designed to eliminate the bad side effects of growth. Meanwhile, per capita GNP, or better still, per capita discretionary income (income left after taxes and life's necessities), may serve as a "proxy" for a welfare index.

What about the exhaustion of resources? Is that an argument for stopping growth? There is little doubt that fossil fuel supplies must be finite—there is only a certain amount of coal, oil and gas on this earth. Metals are also present in finite quantities and although they don't disappear when we use them, they become dispersed and very hard to recover. But if resources, in the aggregate, are finite, wouldn't we run out of them sooner or later, even if we did *not* grow? In the past, technology has changed matters. New resources have been invented. Natural gas was not a resource 100 years ago; even petroleum was hardly used. The world's coal supply is good for another 400 years or so. But if new developments in energy technology provide us with cheap nuclear or solar energy, then coal may cease to be a resource. That has happened to coal before!

Some resources really are unlimited, and fortunately these are energy resources that can be "converted" into other resources. If we can develop nuclear fusion, we shall have an energy resource forever. It may not be as cheap as the energy we are buying now, but we can never run out of it. The same is true of solar energy; we have only to solve the economics of collecting it. And also geothermal energy—heat energy from the interior of the earth. Why burn oil if at a lower cost we could drill a hole into the ground and tap the energy that powers volcanoes?

And given unlimited supplies of energy, we can do almost anything else. We can afford to extract metals from low-grade ores; in fact, we could extract many of them from sea water. We can afford to desalt sea water to make fresh water. With abundant energy, and particularly if it is cheap, all sorts of possibilities open up. It is interesting to apply hindsight and speculate on what might have happened if doomsday prophets had sprung up, say around 1800, when we were beginning to tap fossil fuels and first created concentrated forms of energy. They might have said: "Coal is a finite resource. You'd better go very slow and use very little of it. You can burn it in the fireplace, but don't build machines that consume vast quantities of it. And for heaven's sake, don't make electricity." If we had paid attention, we might have had a coal supply that lasted for 4,000 years, but after it was exhausted, we would have been back in the Middle Ages. What happened instead was the most dramatic chapter in human history: the exploitation of energy which has fueled economic growth and has provided undreamed-of prosperity for at least a fifth of mankind—and a better life for most.

One of the most dramatic ways to appreciate the subsidy which energy fuels provide to the economy is to consider that a gallon of gasoline worth about 25¢, before taxes, produces the work equivalent of 25 man-days. That works out to a penny for a man-day of work. Energy has liberated us from human labor, from slavery and from animal labor, and has revolutionized agriculture. It has provided the capital and free time for advances in science and in medicine. But it has also been the underlying cause of the population explosion, and it is producing by far the greatest amount of pollution.

The environmental impact is the third point of attack on growth. Within the last year, at least three separate publications have argued that economic growth must be immediately stopped and technical progress abandoned or at least restrained. Barry Commoner has sounded the alarm in his best-seller *The Closing Circle*. He foresees disaster for the ecosystem with a resultant catastrophe for mankind. Strangely, however, he focuses all of his attention on what he terms "faulty technology," rather than giving equal weight to population growth and per capita consumption. On this score he has been attacked by Prof. Paul Ehrlich, who perceives the world's problems in terms of an immediate population crisis. The controversy, which is slightly esoteric but fascinating to those who appreciate this kind of stuff, has been littering the pages of several scientific magazines, the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, *Environment*, and recently also *Science*, the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Actually, Commoner is quite restrained when compared to some of the prescriptions put forth by the British magazine, *The Ecologist*, in its "Blueprint for Survival." That orchestration on how to achieve a stable society that can live within the ecosystem would use restrictive legislation and, of course, a "centralized planning authority." The plan comes equipped with "milestones" that show achievements by certain dates—"the end of all road building" or "the return of domestic sewage to land"—all according to a preordained master plan. The end result, which really frightens me, is to put labor back on the farm by making agriculture inefficient *by design*, and to break up all cities into small, self-regulated communities.

Perhaps the most ambitious attack on growth has come from the Club of Rome. This is an informal association of businessmen and technocrats from a number of countries who are deeply concerned about the fate of the world today and about global problems of population and pollution. They believe that the developed nations have an obligation to lead the way, doing what is necessary to save the world. Their big undertaking is called "The Project on the Predicament of Mankind," but the club's big predicament is that it doesn't seem to know how to tackle the project. It has supported a computer study, conducted by a group of M.I.T. scientists under the direction of Prof. Dennis Meadows and recently published under the title, *Limits to Growth*. Its appearance reverberated in the newspapers and magazines and caused a flurry of alarming articles from the pens of those who don't know better and those who should know better. The study, all cloaked in computer drawings and print-outs, showed the world's population rising while resources dropped and pollution shot up. Then, suddenly, everything collapsed, and the world's population disappeared

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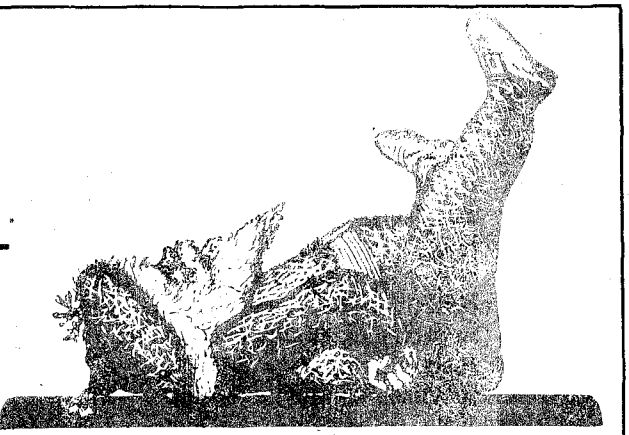

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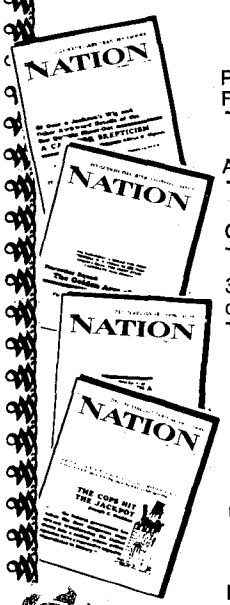

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in a few years, killed by pollution and lack of resources.

The book seems, however, to have irked professionals, particularly mathematical economists. The reviewers were also somewhat angry. *The New York Times* called it "an empty, misleading work." The Higher Education Supplement of *The Times* of London described it as "pseudo-science at its worst." *The Economist* of London said that "its projections were not scientifically assessed." Some of the harshest criticism was applied by *The Village Voice,* which referred to the book as "one continuous non sequitur . . . a clever computer exercise in futurology and fear mongering" . . . anyone who accepts its conclusions "is either a seer or full of beans."

Of course, *Limits to Growth* is simplistic in its assumptions, and, in an attempt to reduce the number of variables, the authors aggregate all of the world's population, resources and pollution problems into one set. Yet the outstanding characteristic of the world today is the gap between the rich and poor nations. By averaging, the book eliminates this single most important feature of the world. But the model cannot even describe a homogeneous world. It makes no allowance for technical progress and inventions, or for substitution of resources as they become scarce, or for developing energy resources that can be called inexhaustible. And most important, the model assumes no real attempt to abate pollution. Yet isn't it clear that if we devote some of our wealth, about 2 per cent of our gross national product, to fighting pollution, then we can have an environment which, while not pristine, would be quite a lot better than what we have today?

In any case, we have decided by political processes that we will not permit the environment to deteriorate and that we are willing to pay the necessary costs. But since pollution abatement costs should rise somewhat faster than the GNP, there may come a point when further growth of the kind that we are used to will simply become too expensive. Our GNP total will grow, but it won't increase the well-being of the average person. We may reach a level of population and of GNP where a further increase would in fact lower the quality of life. Perhaps we have already passed this point, although I don't believe the evidence shows it.

It disturbs me that all our doomsday prophets are looking for coercive devices for stopping economic growth. I believe that a stable society can be achieved without such measures, and with the role of government confined to maintaining a free market and removing what I would call "imperfections" of the marketplace. One such imperfection is pollution. As things stand now, the polluter can discharge wastes that injure someone else and he does not have to pay for the damage. Of course, the injured party can sue, but that process is unwieldy; and I prefer the pre-emptive role of government which attempts to prevent pollution from occurring in the first place, with the costs of control being paid by those who would have produced the pollution. They would no longer have the free use of a publicly held resource like water or air. Other scarce resources have a price also.

Very simply, this means that the price of scarce resources rises, and that those who would pollute pay the cost of control. Together, that will add additional costs to each step of manufacture, like a value-added tax. As a result, consumers will shift away from "un-ecological" products, which will become quite expensive; and manufacturers will stop producing them when the demand disappears. Recycling will become more commonplace when the price justifies it; and we shall find that the useful life of products will be increased to postpone

Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)

The Fight for a Better Environment

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the need for recycling for as long as possible. The main requirement is that consumers become better educated so that they may enter this free market on equal terms with industry and insist on goods that are long-lived, easy to repair, and very efficient in the use of energy and raw materials. Right now, consumers couldn't care less about the thermodynamic efficiency of a car or air conditioner. In fact, they don't even look at the price tag; it is the down payment that matters. I am not sure that consumer education is moving ahead fast enough.

While I see light at the end of the tunnel as far as economic growth is concerned—a kind of self-regulation that uses the laws of economics, with a little help from the government—I don't feel as optimistic about population growth. I don't see the mechanism of self-regulation operating there. There is no simple feedback mechanism, like market prices, which tells a family how many children to have. In any case, the time-lags involved are too long. Furthermore, the situation has changed drastically in the sense that parents do not pay the full costs, and sometimes not even partial costs, of raising their children. Society pays. And while the problem may be capable of solution in the United States and throughout the developed world, I am not sure how to tackle the problem which has been expressed so eloquently by Prof. Garrett Hardin as the "tragedy of the commons": nations must practice self-restraint with respect to population growth since they use the resources of the planet shared in common. The burning issue will be how far the world will go to support those that do not obey this ecological imperative. □

JOURNALIST AS ADVOCATE

David Deitch & the *Boston Globe*

JAMES HIGGINS
Mr. Higgins, a former editor of the York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily, *is now a free-lance journalist living in Boston and teaching journalism at Boston University.*

Boston

I hesitate to call it the David Deitch case—although that's what it started out to be on August 10 when the *Boston Globe* handed its radical columnist his walking papers. When Deitch, age 31, was hired by the *Globe*'s editor, Tom Winship, in 1967, neither of them expected trouble from the relationship. Deitch was a "financial columnist" of a liberal bent, which he had managed to maintain in previous jobs with the World Bank, the *New York Post*, the late New York *Herald Tribune* and UPI. And the *Globe* had a reputation for liberalism, earned largely because Winship and Charles Whipple, editor of the editorial page, had made a serious study of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam and decided that it never should have happened and that "we" should get out of there. The *Globe* was one of the first—perhaps the very first—metropolitan daily to take that uncompromising position, which it has held to ever since.

Deitch, too, opposed the undeclared war which successive administrations had been conducting in Vietnam. Back in 1965, he recalls, he had also been jolted in his thinking by Lyndon Johnson's dispatch of more than 20,000 troops to the Dominican Republic, an action which insured "law and order" by preventing the return to office of Juan Bosch, whose supporters were aiming to depose the military junta that had overthrown the democratically elected Bosch in 1963. Deitch started to put two and two together. It took him a while, but some time in late 1968 or 1969, Deitch the liberal "writer on finance and economics" began turning into Deitch the anti-imperialist. That is, he saw the intrusion into Vietnam not as an isolated error of judgment but as part of a pattern of global strategy whereby U.S.-based finance capital and so-called multinational corporations intended to maintain or even expand an empire. By force and violence, when these seemed necessary.

One thing must be said for the *Globe*: it printed the often harsh writings of its staff anti-imperialist for quite a period—first in the financial section; later, perhaps in an effort to indicate that its columnist was simply another "opinion" journalist, on the Op-Ed page, which William Buckley and Joseph Alsop also adorn from time to time. I doubt that Deitch's copy could have appeared in any other commercial newspaper in the country. Certainly, nothing like it happened anywhere else in the daily press that lives on advertising. That is both a comment on the range of free expression that such a press permits itself, and, given this context, a way of declaring that the *Globe* put up with a lot from the increasingly militant Deitch.

The paper did not suffer in silence, however. By late 1970, Deitch was receiving "Dear David" memos from Winship, one of which read in part: "Haven't you about had your say on Israel and the unacceptability of the American capitalistic system?" (Deitch, born of working-class Jewish parents, had shaken up the Greater Boston Jewish community on several occasions by condemning the "expansionist" tendencies of Israel, its treatment of the Arab minority within its borders, and its development into what Deitch defined as a class-structured society.)

As it turned out, he hadn't had his say, not only on Israel and capitalism in general but on issues closer to home, up to and including—at length—the local policies of the *Globe* and the ties of interest between the newspaper and what Deitch calls "domestic imperialism." By this he means the whole complex that comes under the heading of "urban renewal," with banks, insurance companies, investment houses, real estate developers, commercial services, industrial aggregates, universities, churches, municipal, state and federal governments—the

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capitalist institutional establishment, in short—making hay while the people in their roles as workers, tenants, consumers and students, suffer. That's how he saw it and how he wrote it. Up until August 10 of this year.

He also did something else that contributed to his dismissal. He wrote for a struggling Boston alternative press weekly, *The Real Paper*, an article supporting the right of the Newspaper Guild to take a political position in support of George McGovern's candidacy. The content of the article is beside the point; there is no Guild at the *Globe*. But the unaffiliated Globe Employees' Association has a contract with the newspaper which, like most Guild contracts, contains a clause that prohibits *Globe* people from doing outside writing or public speaking without permission of the management. Partly on the basis that he had violated that clause, partly on a record of "insubordination" (refusal to accept assignments of subject matter for his column or to acknowledge "editing instructions"), Deitch was dismissed. The Employees' Association has filed a grievance and the contract issue is now in process of arbitration.

But the larger political issue is obviously not going to be resolved in any such procedural fashion. Labor organizations, tenant groups, community associations and student newspapers, among others, have entered actively into the case and, by so doing, have transformed it into a question of the press versus the people. That is why I began by saying I hesitated at this stage to call it the David Deitch case: it has now become one of a series of developments of recent years which challenge not just the performance of the commercial press but, fundamentally, the capacity of a profit-motivated institution which produces as its commodity, a daily newspaper, to tell the truth about what is happening to the poor, the exploited, the oppressed, the aggrieved within the area where the newspaper circulates.

The appearance of alternative and community newspapers, of critical journals published by working or dropped-out news persons, the Newspaper Guild's demand in negotiations for a "voice in the product" clause, these have been the major forms whereby dissatisfaction has been expressed with the government and behavior of the commercial press. There is no doubt a correlation between the rise of protest and the decline in the number of newspapers. (Not long before the dismissal of Deitch, the *Record-American* acquired the *Herald-Traveler* and reduced Boston to a city with only two dailies.) But that is not to imply that the people about whose conditions and causes Deitch was writing received a more just representation in the press when there were more newspapers around. My guess is that their situation simply becomes more noticeable as industry grows economically more concentrated. That is, *they* notice it. Certainly, they noticed that Deitch had been paying attention to them, and that nobody else in Boston newspapers really was. Therefore their campaign for his reinstatement can be interpreted as a campaign for a means of access to the press, for getting their version of their story into print.

While the Massachusetts AFL-CIO may not agree with Deitch's anti-imperialist ideology, it was exactly that ideology which led Deitch step by step to concern himself with the problems of workers, consumers, tenants, and so forth in the *Globe*'s circulation area. Thus, earlier in the year, when Deitch's column had been jockeyed about in the paper and eventually the columnist was suspended from his job, the state AFL-CIO passed a resolution strongly critical of the procedures, which helped to persuade the *Globe* to let Deitch go on writing.

At that time, also, delegations from labor, tenant and community groups visited the *Globe* for discussions with Winship, Whipple, and other supervisors, while some of the columnist's colleagues began to show signs of appreciating the relationship of his conflict to their own assigned function on the newspaper. Thus the unusually significant feature of the struggle at the *Globe* was and is the prospect of a coalition of workers at a paper, and of working people outside, to pose a challenge to owners and their deputies, the editors. The question being raised, if only in projection, involves the traditional authority of those who by accident of wealth or appointment are in charge of what appears in a newspaper. Others are demanding participation in the decision making, and that challenge, it seems to me, is the basic issue in what's happening at the *Globe*.

Since it is basic, its implications extend everywhere in the profession. Who are the people to whom the First Amendment guarantees freedom of the press by forbidding Congress to make no law abridging that freedom? Owners and editors only? Or is their entrenched power and control perhaps subject to genuine intervention, under the argument of the First Amendment and the practical circumstances of press economics, by working journalists allied with people from the community?

The challenge in Boston—extending to a boycott effort against the *Globe*—involves a newspaper which can be described as progressive and liberal. But that is natural, for only a liberal newspaper, acting with the best of liberal intentions, would have permitted a test case of this nature to emerge. (*The Washington Post* finds itself in much the same position on the matter of hiring and upgrading black journalists.) The liberal press, in fact, constitutes only one of the sectors of liberalism that the rebels from underground, the disinherited and the disenchanted now challenge with such implicit—and sometimes explicit—questions as: *Whose* freedom? *Whose* public interest? *Whose* equality? *Whose* rights and liberties?

At least for the time being liberalism should be able to respond reasonably and flexibly to these questions. In other words, the *Globe* can and should make room for the point of view a Deitch represents; it can and should defend not only his right to expression but the legitimacy of his views (they are not unique with Deitch; they are a worldwide phenomenon); it can and should give serious consideration to the possibility that it has been failing to adopt, in its local news coverage and specific editorial policies, an attitude consistent with its remarkable, courageous, unflagging editorial condemnation of the country's imperialist adventure in Southeast Asia. Of course, the *Globe* would run into trouble if it did these things. But not the kind of trouble it's having now. Rather it would be the trouble a liberal must expect when he is compelled by the times to discover new dimensions, wider applications, for the principles on which he wishes to base his social conduct. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Mouton-Cadet and Strawberry Soda

THE COMPLECTION OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE: A Cento. *By Andrew Field. Atheneum Publishers. 310 pp. $8.95.*

SIMON KARLINSKY
Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of California, Berkeley, and editor and annotator of Letters of Anton Chekhov, *to be published next year by Harper & Row.*

Has Russian literature, in addition to its other troubles, developed a skin problem? Not really. The "complection" in the title of this book is derived from the verb "to complect" which can mean "to pleat together, to interweave." Future users of this volume would do well to keep their dictionaries handy and to read the compiler's foreword and annotations very carefully, lest they mistake the book for what it appears to be at first glance: a simple collection of essays and memoirs by Russian 19th- and 20th-century writers and critics on literary topics ranging from the Middle Ages to the present.

The true nature of the book is revealed in its subtitle. A cento (back to the dictionary again), *pl.* centones, it turns out, means either a garment of patches or a patchwork literary composition made up of parts from other works. As Andrew Field's foreword informs us, "Essays have been shortened, portions of them have been rearranged, in two instances the two articles have been fused, and all in order to create a book which could not exist in any other form. . . ." A comparison of some of the selections with their Russian originals shows that arbitrary abridgment, reversals of sequence, and rewriting of passages are indeed the rule. Nor are there any ellipsis marks to indicate all the tampering, for they do not belong in a cento, we are told.

Whatever textual integrity the selections may retain after all this surgery is constantly endangered by chancy translation. For a man so closely associated with the study of Russian literature in the original, Andrew Field is something of a puzzle. He manages to translate a portion of Alexander Slonimsky's difficult text on Pushkin and Vladislav Khodasevich's elegant commentary (in its entirety, for once) on "The Song of Igor" most creditably, but elsewhere in the volume he constantly stumbles over some simple Russian construction or idiom.

Marina Tsvetaeva's memoir about reading Pushkin in her childhood mentions an eternally dry fountain which she had hoped would one day be turned on and would start gushing but which never did. Field's rendering turns this simple little passage into utter absurdity: ". . . like an eternally dry fountain where Mother and I would go to see: has he been killed? They never kill fountains (and how could they). . . ." And so it goes throughout the volume with "no matter how they were dressed" becoming "no matter how they betray him," "humility" translated as "quietism," "raw material" as "damp material" and "Buddhism" as "voodooism."

It is clear that in terms of fidelity to the text, accuracy of translation or any other academic standards, Field's collection could easily reduce a critic to disbelieving gasps and inchoate sputtering. But it would be wrong to dismiss or to reject the book on these grounds. What it attempts to do and in part achieves is so fresh, delightful and just that standard considerations and criteria have to be given up or at least suspended if the proper perspective for viewing this book is to be gained.

Anton Chekhov once compared Russian literary critics to the fly of the classical fable which hitches a ride on the horns of a plowing ox (the writer) and after irritating him with its buzzing, claims credit for his labors. The neoclassical Russian critics of the 18th century, the civic-oriented anti-government critics of the 19th, and the tame pet critics of today's Soviet establishment all invariably underestimated or misunderstood the best writers of their day. Literary quality, literary independence and originality were always suspect in the eyes of Russian professional critics interested mainly in using literature to illustrate their own theories, to attack the current government policies or (since Stalin's time) to demonstrate their own and the discussed writers' loyalty to the state. Apart from the erudite comparativists and eclectics of the turn of the century and the Formalist critics of the 1920s—totally unprecedented in their excellence—most Russian literary criticism worthy of the name was written by the writers and the poets themselves. Field has brilliantly understood this, and his book should be welcomed, if only because it makes available in English the critical views of Blok, Annensky, Khodasevich, Kuzmin and Mandelstam (albeit in bits and snippets), in most cases for the first time.

But beyond that, the book is an account of the journey of an inquisitive and reasonably well-informed young American, who refuses to accept anything on faith and is wary of established reputations, into the inner recesses of Russian literature. The reader is invited to share his reading and his discoveries (hence the unconventional "cento" format). He finds that the best criticism is written not by the people claimed by the Russian tradition as its major critics, that there are fine writers and poets ignored by foreign commentators (e.g., Vasily Sleptsov, an admirable writer who organized a commune in the 1860s and wrote some of the best Russian short stories between Turgenev and Chekhov, represented here by two critical selections), and that even the biggest names in Russian literature, such as Turgenev and Dostoevsky, can be attacked and criticized on legitimate grounds.

The three clearly discernible guides whom Field has followed on his journey of discovery are D. S. Mirsky, whose two histories of Russian literature he so understandably admires; Vladimir Nabokov, from whose commentary to *Eugene Onegin* Field borrowed the manner of herding writers into some sort of classroom, assigning them grades and flunking some of the star pupils; and, above all, Field's Harvard professor of Russian literature, Vsevolod Setchkarev. Anyone who has attended Professor Setchkarev's lectures (as the present reviewer did a few years before Andrew Field) will instantly recognize his hand in the selection of critics, in the inclusion of a short story by Mikhail Kuzmin under the pretext that it parodies Dostoevsky, and in an occasional direct quotation from a Setchkarev lecture, such as "Marina Tsvetaeva was a nervous woman and a nervous poet."

But while Field has learned much from these three mentors (and his choice of them in itself testifies to his good taste), he is very much his own man. His absence of *parti-pris*, his literary omnivorousness, are attractive and bracing, especially when one remembers that most American specialists in Russian literature prefer to restrict themselves to the safe 19th-century giants and that 20th-century writers merit their attention only

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if either rewarded or persecuted by the Soviet Government. "A Small Pantheon of Russian Writers," appended by Field at the end of the volume, is a controversial, debatable, occasionally infuriating set of capsule characterizations of Russian writers of all periods, which add up to a most impressive total picture of his views and preferences.

While Field's undoubted literary taste never betrays him, his enthusiasm for discoveries may occasionally lead him to abandon all discernment. When he recommends to his readers D. S. Mirsky's histories, Renato Poggioli's error-ridden *The Poets of Russia* and Ivan Tkhorzhevsky's pathetically shoddy *Russian Literature* ("excellent," according to Field) as equally valid source books, one tries to imagine a wine waiter advising his customers that a bottle of vintage Mouton-Cadet, a 99¢ carafe of Chianti and a can of strawberry soda would all be equally appropriate with the main course. Yet only a few pages later Field offers the reader a critical insight of genuine profundity when he states that the poetry of Zinaida Gippius is "what Dostoevsky himself would have written, had he been a poet."

The book is sure to be censured for its mutilation of texts and for its errors in translation (although in fairness to Field it must be stated that the English translations of Mayakovsky, Pasternak and Mandelstam now available to the American reading public are often based on even worse misreadings of the texts, as Field himself seems to recognize in his disarming reference to his own "lighthearted Lowellizing"). But just as Field's book on Vladimir Nabokov's Russian and English writings filled a clear and present need a few years ago, so does *The Complection of Russian Literature* accomplish something that badly needed to be done.

The entire volume is a trip, in the more recent sense of the word as well as in the traditional one. Andrew Field gets high on the richness of Russian literature and on the deep and meaningful things that Russian writers themselves have had to say about it. It is a pleasure to watch him soar, and one wonders what heights he could have reached had he learned to read these texts in all of their wonderful nuances. But even as things stand, the sweep of the book has a strong chance of turning on the younger members of the reading audience (and they are the ones at whom the book must have been aimed).

Andrew Field is one of the very few American commentators who realize fully the variety, breadth and scope of Russian literature and who can tell a real and exciting writer from a traditionally respected figurehead. If he succeeds in persuading both readers and publishers that there is more to that literature than Dostoevsky and Yevtushenko, that literary treasures beyond their wildest dreams are there, untranslated and unavailable in English, it may well lead to a demand for more and better translations. The prospect of such a development is cause enough to overlook the self-imposed handicaps of Field's book and to rejoice in its publication. □

Rites of the Bitch-Goddess

THE NAME ABOVE THE TITLE: An Autobiography. *By Frank Capra. The Macmillan Co. 513 pp. $12.50. Bantam Books. Paper $1.95.*

WILLIAM HUGHES

Mr. Hughes studied the development of American movies as a Younger Humanist Fellow of the National Endowment for the Humanities. He teaches at Essex Community College in Baltimore, and is at present engaged in research in London.

Although memoirs are usually self-serving, they often reveal more than their authors intend. That is because any autobiography is more than a life story—it is also a measure of the degree to which culture shapes identity. In the act of translating experience into meaning the writer uses the conventional forms and shared values of his society, and in his narrative strategy he reveals his view of himself and defines his relation to the dominant myths of his culture.

Nowhere in recent American autobiographical literature is this tendency more transparent than in *The Name Above the Title.* It is precisely for this quality that Frank Capra's autobiography claims our attention more than most Hollywood memoirs can hope to do. For, in its calculated blend of toughness and idealism (or "guts and stardust," in the author's words), it is one of the most characteristically American documents of our age. In his insistent affirmation of the American Dream, Capra reveals much about his own values and motives. And in so doing he provides valuable clues to those complex processes by which motion pictures both shaped and reflected popular attitudes during four decades of American life.

One disappointing consequence of Capra's approach is that he does not really tell us much of value about his own productions (aside from a few behind-the-scenes tidbits about each film). His treatment of such matters as the nature of the contributions made by his collaborators is too superficial to advance our knowledge of either the industry or the art of film making. Also the narrative contains a number of significant errors—some apparently deliberate (as Elliott Stein has noted in *Sight and Sound*). But when Capra warns us that his book is not meant to be "a recording of doings and happenings historically documented," and that at times he will "telescope conversations—which strung out over weeks and months—into one scene," we should be prepared to expect something other than film history from his account. For in these "random recalls of what went on in my head during my youth and in my forty-odd years of filmmaking," Capra is dealing not so much with facts as with those myths which inspired him as a youth and which he later depicted so effectively in his films.

From this perspective, *The Name Above the Title* is a recent installment in that peculiarly American literary phenomenon, the success story. That genre is in the mainstream of our popular culture, from Franklin's *Autobiography* through Horatio Alger's tales of Ragged Dick and Luke Larkin, and on to the positive thinkers of the last decades—reach-

THE SWIMMERS: MUNICH 1972

From pools the smooth bodies of the swimmers come,
Clothed but still glowing, the immortal sons,
Their skin from the milky semen born

The frothy distances.

For an hour or so, they hold that aura;
Then something either sinks, or is worn from them,
Falling to lust and human argument,

Where the swimmers are lost. Like darkening images.

William Burford

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ing its apogee, perhaps, in Richard Nixon's acceptance speech at the 1968 Republican Convention.

Capra's family came to America from Sicily in 1903 when he was 6 years old, and much of his youth appears to have been spent in shedding all traces of the family's traditional culture. Although his view from the Sicilian ghetto gave Capra a special perspective, his enthusiasm for the American way was no doubt also influenced by the climate of opinion in Los Angeles, then an emerging metropolis still clinging to the values of rural and small-town America, with their attendant boosterism and Philistinism. Education and hard work were Capra's means for escaping the ghetto. He supported himself through public school and college, sometimes working at as many as three part-time jobs at once. After he was graduated from a California school as a chemical engineer, Capra served briefly in the Army in the First World War. During the postwar period of economic dislocation, he could not find an engineering job. Embittered and unable to come to terms with himself, Capra spent several years bumming around the West and Southwest, hustling photos and gold and oil stocks, working on farms, and playing the guitar in brothels.

Capra stumbled into the movie business when, in order to pick up a fast $75, he passed himself off as an experienced Hollywood hand to a San Francisco impresario who wanted to produce film versions of literary classics. Capra's first film was a silent, one-reel version of Kiplings's "The Ballad of Fultah Fisher's Boarding House." Thereafter, he set out for Hollywood, where, after promoting himself from prop man to editor, and then to gag writer, he was the director of several successful Harry Langdon comedies. Catching on at Harry Cohn's Columbia Pictures, Capra continued his frantic apprenticeship (as many as six features in one year), during which he mastered the cinematic, economic and political aspects of studio production. Along the way he learned how to make good use of his pre-Hollywood experience. The outsider's enthusiastic idealization of American values gave him his themes; his familiarity with popular tastes enabled him to devise techniques for reaching his audiences as few Hollywood directors have ever done; the pitchman's sense of timing helped him perfect his editing skills; and his ambition saw him through the lean days when Columbia was considered Hollywood's poverty row.

If the tone of Capra's autobiography is often self-congratulatory, there is some justification for that. In a career that spanned silent and sound eras, he made a succession of markedly individual features and documentaries. Of his thirty-eight feature films only two failed to make a profit. Hollywood acknowledged his success by awarding him three Oscars as best director, two for best picture, and one for best documentary. The film community also showed its respect for his talents and tenacity by electing him to the presidencies of the Motion Picture Academy and the Screen Directors' Guild at crucial times for those organizations. During his military service in World War II Capra supervised production of the "Why We Fight" propaganda series, directing or co-directing several of the episodes himself (including *Prelude to War*, the most striking film in the series). For his efforts the Army awarded him the Distinguished Service Medal.

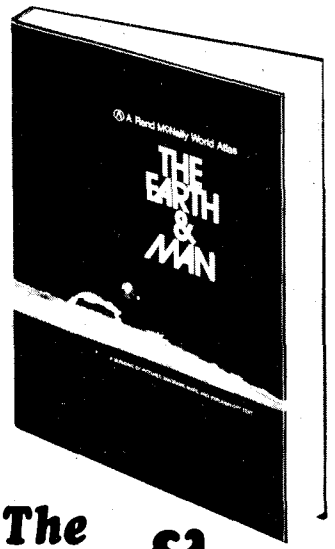
But Capra is not content merely to record these accomplishments and honors. Like Benjamin Franklin, he sees his life as an exemplary one, and he intends that his story instruct us in the unique merits of the American way. Having established his credentials, Capra proceeds to spell out for us the implications of his personal success. He arranges the narrative so that his "Struggle for Success" is followed by a "Struggle With Success"; like most great American success stories, Capra's has a moral:

> As overnight Mr. Bigs discover, success creates its own challenges—subtle, powerful, soul-testing inner challenges that measure a man for what he *is*, not for his medals. I had licked poverty and ridicule; I had yet to lick a bigger enemy: myself.

For many self-made men, the late-blooming moral imperative serves to justify the exploitation of others which is often required if one is to achieve success in a competitive society. Capra's story is no exception to this pattern. In his account of his rise to the top, he is an almost too perfect example of those compulsively ambitious characters familiar to Hollywood and made famous by Budd Schulberg in *What Makes Sammy Run?* His moral transformation followed the enormous success of his accidental masterpiece, *It Happened One Night*, and expressed itself in his commitment to use the power of movies for higher goals. " 'You can speak to hundreds of millions for two hours in the dark.' That was my needed job: Lift the human spirit."

According to Capra, this new impulse first emerged in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, but the message had been taking shape for some time. For most of those familiar with Capra's films, *Mr.*

"A SPLENDID WORK. I COMMEND IT TO EVERY INTELLIGENT HUMAN BEING." SIR JULIAN HUXLEY



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MEETING

A thirst for meeting
a long line of ghosts waiting at a well
laughing
in the evening
and I am standing among them
the line runs through me
I feel it
a procession of dry clouds

let it be clear that there is no comfort in them
comfort is far away
that lay in ambush for joy
there is no fear in them they cannot hear me
there is only that thirst
the old cracked laughing

of dry leaves
shrivelled trees broken stones
walls walls
and empty hands
held forward forever

SPAN

I know hands that leapt from childhood to old age
youth was never for them however they held it
everything happened to them early or late
end of morning never found them
the entire day was a long evening
in August
they played no instrument for when would they have learned
if not in childhood
everything they did displayed impetuous prudence
and smelled of sand
they and their clumsy skills were their own age
with its two seasons

GIFT

I have to trust what was given to me
if I am to trust anything
it led the stars over the shadowless mountain
what does it not remember in its night and silence
what does it not hope knowing itself no child of time

what did it not begin what will it not end
I have to hold it up in my hands as my ribs hold up my heart
I have to let it open its wings and fly among the gifts of the unknown

again in the mountain I have to turn
to the morning

I must be led by what was given to me
as streams are led by it
and braiding flights of birds
the gropings of veins the learning of plants
the thankful days
breath by breath

I call to it Nameless One O Invisible
O Untouchable O Free
I am nameless I am divided
I am invisible and untouchable
and empty
nomad live with me
be my eyes
my tongue and my hands
my sleep and my rising
out of chaos
come and be given

THE TRACK

To see that an ancestor has reappeared
as the print of a paw
in a worn brick
changes what you believe you are
and where you imagine you are going
before the clay sets

and what you think might follow you

over the floors
of the oven

the empty place
with its many wings
its lighted stairs
its deep windows
its seasons
and its white sound
still soft underfoot

and when

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Deeds appears to be the working out of patterns and themes present in the director's earlier work. The formula of the small-town innocent confronted by city slickers can be found in Capra's Harry Langdon films; his hostility toward the idle rich was already present in *Platinum Blonde* (and *Mr. Deeds* even repeats some gags from that earlier picture); his belief in the ultimate good sense of the common man had been expressed in *American Madness*. (Among contemporary reviewers only Alistair Cooke, who worried that Capra was "starting to make movies about themes instead of people," saw any new directions for the director in *Mr. Deeds*.)

In any case, Capra's higher purpose never came into conflict with his private aspirations. His first picture to embody the new message was also the first with the director's name "above the title." And when Capra repeated his formula in such entertaining films as *Lost Horizon, You Can't Take It With You, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Meet John Doe* and *It's a Wonderful Life*, Americans lined up at the box office. Even Capra's propaganda films, to which he brought much the same method and message, made money.

The popular reception of Capra's films has often been taken as a measure of the director's mastery over the symbols and values of American life. Now, by revealing the degree to which those symbols and values had molded Capra's own aspirations, then found expression in his films, and finally determined the shape of his personal narrative, *The Name Above the Title* suggests that Capra was more the servant than the master of the American Dream. Frank Capra's career is indeed a monument to the power of our popular myths. Nevertheless, his inability to escape the mythology severely limited his development as a film maker. It is true that Capra's films are among the most skillfully made productions of the studio era, and that, despite their sentimentality, they retain their power to move today's more sophisticated audiences—as recent retrospectives in New York, Washington and Baltimore have demonstrated. But once his so-called "fantasies of good will" brought him both success and prestige, Capra simply repeated the formula until it had been exhausted, at which point he tried to begin the cycle anew by remaking earlier films. Capra abandoned his film career following the unhappy circumstances and artistic failures of his last productions. But in *The Name Above the Title* he has drawn on the old myths yet one more time. □

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What They Felt in Place of Joy

FRAGMENTS FROM MY DIARY. *By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Moura Budberg. Praeger Publishers. 265 pp. $8.95.*

THE LIFE OF A USELESS MAN. *By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Moura Budberg. Doubleday/Anchor Books. 240 pp. Paper $1.95.*

CHARLES BAZERMAN
Mr. Bazerman is assistant professor of English at Baruch College, the City University of New York.

These two books—one a collection of character sketches and anecdotes, the other a novel—contain the strange music of obscure lives exposed. Both chronicle the society of Russia heading toward revolution. Gorki records the odd logic of lives in turmoil, scrambling for safety as the house burns down.

Fragments From My Diary begins with seven studies of men and fire. In each the fascination with fire overcomes all other considerations. A night watchman does not warn the village of the danger as he is held by the sight of a burning house. Another man nearly kills himself trying to get a better look. Two arsonists pursue their love of flames more actively: one tries to spread a forest fire just a bit more; the other gives himself away at his trial when his craft is maligned. Until they are discovered acting out their obsessions, these men have lived alone with their fire thoughts—the more alone, the more deeply fire has burned into their minds. To a priest freed after years of solitary confinement with only a stove to light, fire is the last free thing in the world.

> Zolonitzki's horror was great when he first saw an electric lamp, when the white, colourless light, imprisoned in the glass, flared up before him mysteriously. Having stared at it for some moments intently, the old man waved his hands in despair and began muttering plaintively: "What! the fire imprisoned too. . . . Oh-oh! . . . What for? The devil's not in it, is he? Oh-oh! What have they done it for?"

Harbored passions mark other idiosyncratic men. A bookseller's naive love of his town and the czar makes him play the fool in a politically complex time. Curiosity about his luck leads a young man to a life of crime. The unspoken desire of a spinster journalist lies behind her claim that a local man is the reincarnation of Christ; she founds a cult on this inspiration. Gorki has a talent for isolating the moments when obsessions reveal themselves. In the early days of the revolution, when old resentments were coming to the surface, Gorki was visited by a man with a legislative proposal. The man wanted a law to imprison his landlord's wife because she talked "skoptically." The man refused Gorki's correction of "sceptically," claiming that the word came from "skoptzi," a Russian sect practicing castration. Gorki continued to sound him out.

> Seeing that talking to him was no easy matter, I asked him what his profession was.
> "Why, this!"
> And he brandished the law in the air.

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"And before you started this work of legislation, what did you do?"

He rose from his chair, buttoned up his coat and said:

"I just thought."

Sketches of more substantial men—Chekhov, Tolstoy and Alexander Blok—are less pointedly written and leave more opaque impressions. Complex men are not to be anatomized by single incidents or thoughts; such stories remain passing comments on interesting acquaintances. Gorki, however, succeeds in revealing Bugrov, the merchant-philanthropist, through an account of their friendship. When he knew Bugrov, Gorki was at his most revolutionary; Bugrov's acts of friendship and patronage for the writer were against the merchant's own interests. Bugrov both needs and regrets the world he lives in; his intimacy with a member of the "other side" marks his ambivalence. As the other half of the friendship, Gorki shares in the complexity of sentiment.

The Life of a Useless Man, written while Gorki was in exile after the abortive 1905 rebellion, demonstrates the author's complex attitude toward the struggle he was engaged in. The novel does not depend on parochial judgments of history, political loyalties or the virtues and vices of economic classes. Yevsey Klimkov is a confused man whose distressing life leads him to be a czarist secret agent during the 1905 uprising. His story is told with the same attention to intimate detail that was evident in *Fragments From My Diary*, but since this is fiction the subject's private thoughts can be recorded as well.

Klimkov had had to face life's everyday cruelties and reverses as an orphan. His choices were pressed by the repeated question, "What do you do now?" He witnessed an instance of human cooperation only once, when a fire threatened to destroy the town. Withdrawn and cautious, he never showed desire or curiosity. When he finally fell into a good job, his desperate question became, "How can I keep my master happy?" One master was a government informer, and in his service Klimkov learned to spy on acquaintances. As an agent of the secret police he discovered security and comradeship.

Klimkov suspected that there must be another, better life. At first he associated this other life with a bookseller's mistress who turned out to be a murderess. In the course of his career as a police spy he met some revolutionaries; as the political events of 1905 developed these revolutionaries became the objects of Klimkov's fantasy of another life. When the bureaucratic comfort of the secret police is disturbed by outbreaks of violence, Klimkov's life is once more plunged into confusion. He wanders through his embattled city, taking neither side, until he decides to kill the chief of the secret police. The attempt fails when his gun jams. As a lost and useless man he kills himself.

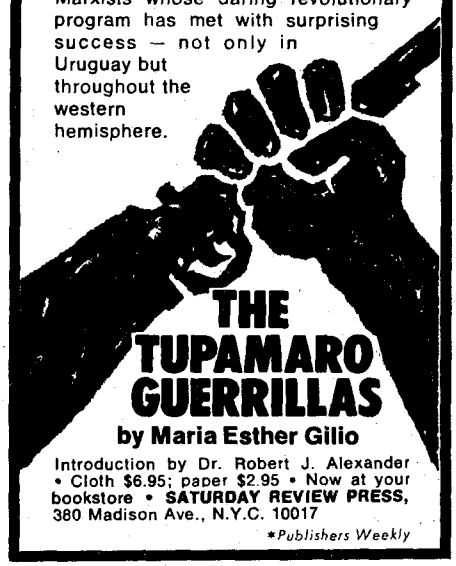
We see the revolutionaries and their cause filtered through Klimkov's desperate romantic notions. Except for their common task and Klimkov's fantasies, they seem no better than any other characters in the book. Their comradeship arises from the same source as that of the villagers who joined forces in order to put out the fire and that of the secret police trying to keep their life as civil service functionaries comfortable as possible.

Klimkov's life has a haunting quality. In his early years he is a victim running for survival. As an apprentice he meets another boy who mimics all their acquaintances. This alternate view of people is hard for Klimkov to absorb. "He felt annoyed because the glazier's boy failed to portray man as something dangerous, but merely as something laughable." From this point on, Klimkov is lost; he becomes a man without convinced or convincing gestures. The confusion of the times demands choices, exposing the confusions of this obscure man, who in quieter days would have been passed over by history. The security agent has no image of himself or of his occupation; he does not know what he is doing. His ideas of the old order and of the revolutionaries are vague and romantic. His struggle to make up his mind is terrifying—like a nightmare of powerlessness. His suicide is a fugue of fear, defiance, capitulation, escape and incompetence.

In these two books we see the Gorki who absented himself from Russia during the early years of the Soviet regime. When he returned he found his vocation in the preservation of national art treasures and the maintenance of a literary establishment of some integrity. His Socialist passion never distorted the reality of his nation on fire. He acted, watching and preserving, but was not inclined to spread the fire just a little bit more. □

The facts behind the front-page stories

Banned in Uruguay by a repressive government, this "crisply professional . . . vividly human"* book provides the first complete picture of the Tupamaro guerrillas' National Liberation Movement. It features interviews with the people of Uruguay and the Tupamaros themselves — a group of young, articulate, highly educated Marxists whose daring revolutionary program has met with surprising success — not only in Uruguay but throughout the western hemisphere.



THE TUPAMARO GUERRILLAS

by Maria Esther Gilio

Introduction by Dr. Robert J. Alexander • Cloth $6.95; paper $2.95 • Now at your bookstore • **SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS,** 380 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

*Publishers Weekly

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In the September 27, 1971 issue of *The Nation* I wrote from London about Simon Gray's *Butley* and Maxim Gorky's *Enemies* because I had seen both in the same week. I did not compare them because they are, strictly speaking, not comparable. Nevertheless, I feel impelled to do so now, having seen them again within a period of nine days.

Butley is a comedy of dissolving will and moral impotence. Its mockery is self-vilifying. Its social implications are indirect, but its special virtue is that one may assume them. The state of mind it reflects is that of a community no longer secure in its action because it has lost faith in its goals. All that remains for it to do, in a "civilized" mode, is to grimace and grin. It can do this because it is still relatively safe and comfortable.

Gorky's *Enemies* (Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center) is rooted in an inchoate, cruelly enslaved, largely illiterate society: Russia in the early years of the 20th century. The play—not produced till 1933—was written in 1906. The author of *Butley* teaches in London University; Gorky had a brutal childhood, knew terrible poverty, was a tramp for a while, spent time both in jail and in exile, suffered from tuberculosis and attempted suicide. Yet *Enemies* is so virile, rich, unsentimentally compassionate that it inspires hope. The English play has little respect for its people and is addressed to an audience which barely respects itself: it yowls beneath its jokes.

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Butley is depressingly soft; *Enemies* is bracingly tough. *Butley* looks forward to nothing; *Enemies* looks forward to a reversal. And that reversal or change was something that Gorky does not project as a utopia.

His is not a "proletarian play" nor a "propaganda" piece. It is a dramatic picture of the educated Russian middle class, living perilously on the subsoil of a peasant economy and a fiercely exploited but still numerically small working class. While Gorky perceives that this order will burst asunder and blow most of its gentry to smithereens, that is not the mark of his play's value. The perception indicates social insight; it does not constitute its main import or its wisdom.

What Gorky foretells in *Enemies* is not the success of a revolution; he does not even preach the need for one. He speaks of a society unexploited by or free of the burden of money, of the *kopek*, a society which is not yet, and which is the one that mankind, willy-nilly, most deeply yearns for and must struggle to bring about. That is what makes the play still relevant.

Throughout the play there are numerous subtle variations on this single theme. "We've got to do away with the *kopek*. Got to bury it. . . . Once the *kopek*'s gone why should we push each other about," an articulate worker says. "Is that all?" asks an intelligent lady. "It's enough to begin with," the man replies. And again, more emphatically, "It's all a matter of money, this life of ours. Money's our breath, money's our death."

"Thank goodness, I'm not rich," the lady, who is an actress, says at another moment. But Gorky is not content with facile moralizing. "You won't say that when you are old," the actress is answered.

So too with the revolution. The play's most committed Socialist says, "What can these people [the factory workers] contribute? Nothing but destruction. And note that the destruction will be more fearful here, among us, than anywhere else." Gorky has misgivings about all mobs—even in theatres and churches. The youngest person in the play realizes that the gentlefolk among whom she has lived, respectable people who demand that the workers become more "cultured" before they speak of equality, are "the ones who will kill everybody.... They kill life with their greed and cowardice."

The play's title, like everything else in it, is double-edged. In the first instance, the bourgeoisie and the working class are mutual enemies. But the lack of a creative ideal, which brings about indifference to others, also renders middle-class people inimical to one another; it separates them instead of bringing them together. Apart from ease and pleasure, they don't really know what they want. And "people who aren't sure of what they want are dangerous. They can't be trusted." This is said by the most rabid of the bourgeois wives to the actress who sympathizes with the workers, knows they will win, but can go no further than wish for good parts in plays and "a life in which art would be indispensable to everyone."

Out of context, such lines do not altogether convey the play's spirit: Gorky's feeling for his characters, which is a mixture of irony and consanguinity. There is neither total condemnation for any of them nor any laying on of hands. Gorky suggests that the most sensitive of them all, an 18-year-old girl, while utterly rejecting the old order, will probably not be able to survive the rigors of the new. Though he is writing of a particular time and place, he depicts his characters' universal typicality. There is in Gorky, as in most of the Russian masters, a profoundly religious core which embraces people in a vision embodying an exalted acceptance of life's tragic design.

The neurotic factory boss who tyrannizes over the workers is a minor character quickly disposed of. It is the "nice people" whom Gorky studies most scrupulously. First there is the liberal partner who wishes for the best and who is too muddled to accomplish any good. Then we have the old-time retired general who is an unwittingly cruel dolt; the pinched prosecuting attorney whose only saving grace is his suppressed sensuality; the benevolent housewife who clings to the strings of her spouse's loose convictions; another wife who, while fanatic on behalf of her husband's savage conservatism, is constantly unfaithful to him; the workers, of whom

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several are relentless militants; others calmly resolute and one at least shrewdly and deeply knowing, as well as a semi-educated clerk hanging to the coattails of masters who abuse him. There is too the "third category," the man who hates the machinations of business, never toils nor spins, but who lives in a twilight longing for a world where none of this is necessary and must therefore in one way or another destroy himself.

Enemies, then, is the play of a wholly mature person, a *big* play about "little people"—a worthy successor to *The Cherry Orchard*, written a few years earlier. In relation to our immediate theatrical horizon, *Enemies* looms like a mighty tower over toy houses.

The production by the Lincoln Center company, directed by Ellis Rabb, is not at all bad: there are good actors in it and the text comes through. Its weakness is, oddly enough, overcharacterization. Almost every person is made so peculiarly him- or herself that each becomes somewhat isolated from the others, as if they were pictures at an exhibition without a unifying link. The effect is therefore somewhat scattered. I would also add that, in order to create a Russian atmosphere, the characters are made rather noisier and more "colorful" than Russians really are. A clue to the proper acting tone for this play is contained in one of its lines: "The more unemotionally some things are said, the more convincing they are." But no matter: the evening is eminently worth our rapt attention.

Much Ado About Nothing (Winter Garden) is a delightfully silly play by a genius. In its New York Shakespeare Festival production, very cleverly directed by A. J. Antoon, it becomes even more deliberately silly and largely good fun. I enjoyed it more at the Winter Garden—itself a period piece—than in Central Park where it was first given, because I could hear its words more distinctly in the enclosed space.

There would be little point in the present case to argue the aesthetic justification for setting and costuming the play in Teddy Roosevelt's America, with Keystone cops and songs of the era. The whole thing is done as a light-minded prank, the entirely ingratiating company—Sam Waterston, Barnard Hughes, Douglass Watson, Kathleen Widdoes to name just a few—playing the game with wholehearted zest.

For me the central figure in the crazy canvas is and always has been Dogberry. If there is a moral to the wacky tale of *Much Ado* it is: "What your wisdom could not discover, these shallow fools [Dogberry and his sidekick Verges] have brought to light." □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

MOZART: *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Elisabeth Söderström (soprano), Countess; Reri Grist (soprano), Susanna; Margaret Price (soprano), Barbarina; Teresa Berganza (mezzo-soprano), Cherubino; Annelies Burmeister (mezzo-soprano), Marcellina; Werner Hollweg (tenor), Basilio; Geraint Evans (baritone), Figaro; Gabriel Bacquier (baritone), Count; Michael Langdon (bass), Bartolo. John Alldis Choir, New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. EMI Odeon 1 C 191-02 134/7. $23.92 (four discs).

MOZART: *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Jessye Norman (soprano), Countess; Mirella Freni (soprano), Susanna; Lillian Watson (soprano), Barbarina; Yvonne Minton (mezzo-soprano), Cherubino; Maria Casula (mezzo-soprano), Marcellina; Robert Tear (tenor), Basilio; Wladimiro Ganzarolli (bass), Figaro; Ingvar Wixell (baritone), Count; Clifford Grant (bass), Bartolo. BBC Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6707 014. $27.92 (four discs).

One's expectation of contrast between the work of the octogenarian Klemperer and that of a man not quite half his age (who incidentally made his first major success as a last-minute substitute for the older man, conducting Mozart's *Don Giovanni*) is not disappointed. The outcome of the confrontation is decidedly unexpected, however, for the Klemperer performance, despite its prevailingly slower tempos, emerges as the more theatrical, with more dramatically precise readings of the recitative dialogues, more specifically characterized presentations of the arias and ensembles.

Ironically, the Philips producer, in his introduction to the libretto booklet, calls attention to the special care given to the recitatives in the Davis recording. In practice, this involves a fanciful, decorative, "interpretive" realization of the harpsichord continuo, combined with a rapid delivery of the lines to create an unusually varied and colorful texture. Klemperer is more traditional, the keyboard player stating the chords quite baldly (occasional arpeggiations are reserved for structural articulations), and the singers moving at a more leisurely pace—but the sense of harmonic direction here (and thus of the dramatically significant interruptions and changes of direction) is markedly more explicit, and the sensitivity of the singers to the harmonically significant notes in the lines bespeaks, in fact, enormous care in preparation. The "frills" of Davis' harpsichordist, although stylistically valid in principle, often obscure the harmony; chords are pecked at for coloristic or inflective purposes and withdrawn so quickly that their pitch content is sometimes barely graspable, and the concept of progression in such passages has apparently fallen by the wayside.

A not unrelated divergence can be heard in the singing of the recitatives, Klemperer's team being much further along the road to stylization in the speech-song spectrum—but of course with most singers, especially non-Italians, it works in practice the other way round: you must actively push them away from a literal reading of the notation, toward whatever approximation of natural speech you want. A certain freedom is historically taken for granted, especially in rhythm; Domenico Corri, a contemporary of Mozart, observed that "Either an air, or recitative, sung exactly as it is commonly noted, would be a very inexpressive, nay, a very uncouth performance." We don't hear anything in either of these recordings that would have earned Corri's condemnation, although some of the singers on the old but basically sound Kleiber recording (London OSA-1402) would certainly have seemed to him "uncouth." However, in the em-

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Does it matter so much after all where we are going?
Our flight is governed by computer hands.
Sealed in the set motion of metal flowing
We are still as bound to earth as the man who stands
In his plowed field. But here we can both forget
Briefly, all need: struggle, anxiety, hunger.
(Was it with fear we trembled as we met
Secretly under high stars when we were younger?)
Secure, yes, for a time. . . . The jewelled patterns of light
Blaze far below us. You turn to me saying, "It seems
That in childhood the shadows were too large at night,
And the moon shone too radiantly upon our dreams."

Ruth Lechlitner

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The Boston Globe

v.

Free Speech

After 5 years as one of its columnists, David Deitch was fired August 10 by the *Boston Globe*. To justify this action, the *Globe* management claimed that he had violated a provision of the union contract which prohibits outside work without *Globe* approval. The outside work at issue was an article written without pay for the *Real Paper*, a small Boston news-weekly. The article dealt primarily with the powerless position of newspaper writers and reporters in the face of management control.

David Deitch has been a rare voice among writers on major newspapers in representing and publicizing the efforts of working people, welfare mothers, minorities, and war protestors to bring about basic and necessary change in America. The analysis presented in his column has been a consistent critque of the world political economy, which he feels is directly responsible for the problems faced daily by the people of this country. He has been particularly concerned with the tendency of the nation's political and economic leaders to shift the burden of the current economic crisis onto working people by lowering their standard of living. He has written about fundamental problems and he has criticized the inadequacies of traditional responses to them.

The alleged contract violation is a technicality--an excuse to fire a pro-labor columnist. Actions similar to that taken by David Deitch in writing an article for an alternate publication, not in competition with the *Globe* are common among *Globe* writers. Yet only in his case has this activity been considered grounds for dismissal.

David Deitch has never been accused of twisting facts or distorting evidence to build support for his beliefs. Rather, it is apparently those very beliefs, and David Deitch's attempts to articulate them, which the *Globe* finds objectionable. His dismissal is an abridgement of the values of free speech and freedom of the press which liberal newspapers, such as the *Globe*, so often defend on their own behalf. It is ironic that one of the newspapers attacked for publishing the *Pentagon Papers* should have taken an action which can only be viewed as a denial of the civil liberties of one of its own employees. The Globe Employees Association in deciding to defend David Deitch also recognized the dangerous precedent that would be set by the *Globe's* attempt to deny the constitutional rights of a staff writer.

We hereby express our disapproval of the *Globe's* arbitrary firing of David Deitch and affirm our support of efforts to have him rehired. Join us. Write the *Globe*. Defend David Deitch.

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phasis on a fleet, naturalistic delivery, Davis' singers sometimes miss the inflections that Mozart surely asks for with his notation: when Figaro, say, is "speaking in D major" and lands on a note foreign to that key, we must assume that he knows what he is doing, that he knows how to "speak in D major" and chooses that extraneous note intentionally. The singer, then, should manifest an awareness of these events in his reading of the lines. He must also, of course, articulate the pitches clearly, in order that we may hear such events at all, and one of the hazards immanent in the sometimes breathless delivery of the Davis team is exactly the loss of such clarity. One might attempt to focus on the difference of emphasis here, rather crudely (because the range of subtle variation embraced in each recording is not that narrow, and the available discriminative vocabulary is limited), along the following lines: speaking Da Ponte's Italian with incidental pitches (Davis), or singing Mozart's inflections of Da Ponte's Italian (Klemperer)—an unfair overstatement of the antinomy, but perhaps a useful one.

Although the recitatives constitute rather less than half of the opera's length, they have a vital effect upon its continuity, upon the way it "plays." Because Klemperer endows them with such life and precision, he is able to sustain what is (not at all unexpectedly) a distinctly stately approach to the tempos of the set numbers, one that without such a high consistency in the connective tissue (e.g., juxtaposed with Davis-type recitative treatment) might easily fail to cohere. In practice, I found only one number uncomfortable at these speeds—Cherubino's *Voi che sapete*—and, throughout, the dividends in clarity of texture and sonority are palpable.

In both recordings the orchestral playing is superior, rhythmically lively and pointed, but Klemperer benefits from exceptionally fine wind playing, an essential in the context of his reading, where the varied articulative possibilities of the woodwinds are much exploited to provide a local sparkle that counterbalances the possibly opposite effect of the tempos. Furthermore, the EMI recorded sound is preferable for its clarity; the BBC Orchestra is often beclouded by an enveloping resonance.

All of which is not to imply that the Davis performance is anything less than musical; if more evenly cast, it would count as very satisfactory, in a more conventional way than the Klemperer. Unfortunately, two crucial roles (the Countess and Cherubino) suffer from impure intonation, and the attempt to contrast Figaro and the Count by giving the former role to a conspicuously heavy voice misfires, for Ganzarolli fails to suggest the essential resources of wit that give Figaro his advantage in the struggle. Evans and Bacquier offer no such extreme timbral differentiation, but Mozart has put quite enough contrast in the score so that this isn't a significant problem; it's nice to have two distinct sound-characters, with Figaro's the heavier of the two, but not worth sacrificing effective delivery in that cause.

The EMI-Odeon ladies are all first-rate, and although Philips has in Mirella Freni a Susanna of exceptional warmth and charm, the more brittle-sounding Reri Grist is so musically precise and alert that the net result proves more characterful in the long run. Neither lady, alas, sings the necessary appoggiaturas in her fourth-act aria, and in truth this stylistic nicety—nay, imperative—is observed only sporadically by either cast.

A few minor points: Klemperer omits the aria for Marcellina in Act IV, although retaining Basilio's equally prolix one (Davis gives both), and he also makes the questionable "standard" cuts in the Susanna-Cherubino duet. Davis puts into practice the Raeburn-Moberly theory about the original place of the aria *Dove sono* in Act III, conjecturally moved by Mozart because of theatrical exigencies resulting from a singer doubling the roles of Bartolo and Antonio This is a convincing proposal in principle, although it gives rise to one key juxtaposition (between an aria and the succeeding recitative) that occurs nowhere else in the opera, suggesting that Mozart may have recomposed his original recitative slightly when moving the aria. Finally, and of more moment to the nonspecialist, the EMI-Odeon booklet, prepared for the German market, does not contain an English translation of the libretto. □

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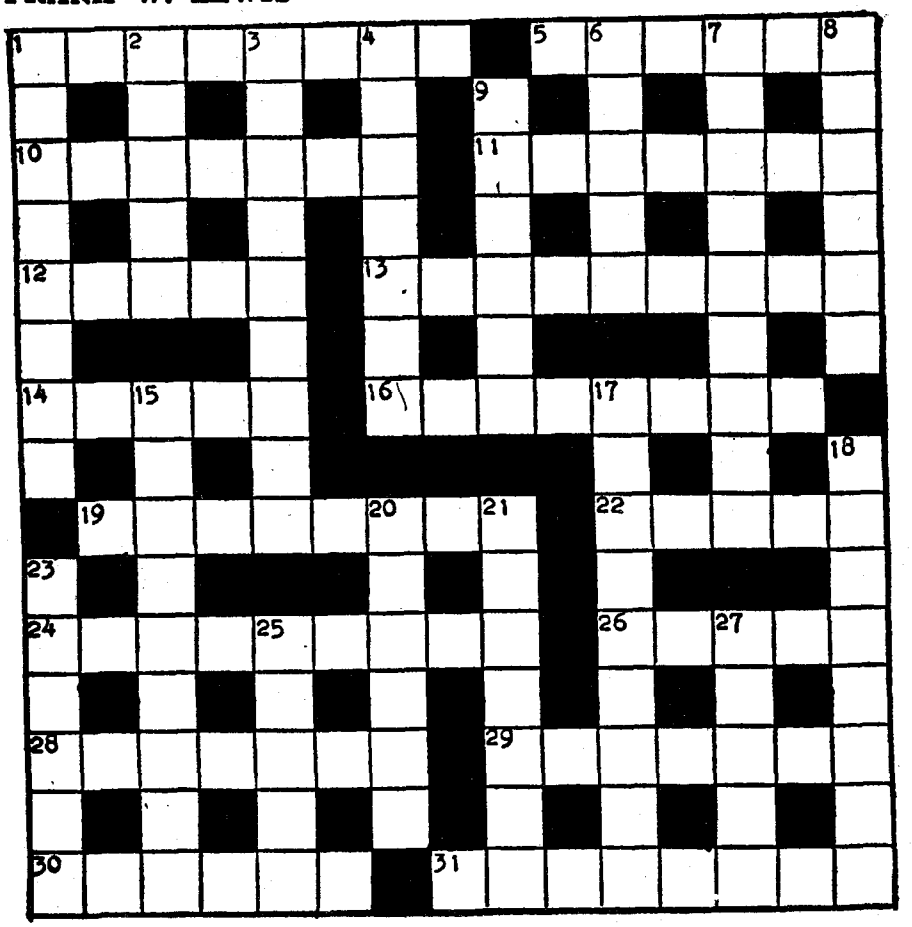

ACROSS

1 Good-looking examples that would sound worn if the first word were given the usual pronunciation. (8)
5 Worn on the feet, they might show that shoes are worn. (6)
10 What the far left might do with flags if oscillated unsteadily. (7)
11 One might consider this angle about the vessel supply. (7)
12 45 inches is enough for this island. (5)
13 Such openings might provide a rare set-up. (9)
14 Fraternity house? (5)
16 Completely cover what might otherwise be unshored. (8)
19 Rub the wrong way, with a small wound showing the possible outcome of swelling. (8)
22 Used to stir up game? (5)
24 They come from Greece, but then, the Asian sort gets around! (9)
26 Moving parts might be well this, and commonly drunk. (5)
28 Stanley did, considering it should be Livingstone. (7)
29 Stupid—in fact insane with one so confused. (7)
30 To stop in the antipodes is typical. (6)
31 The state of Frankfort, briefly, is surrounded by only a little of what should offer some illumination. (8)

DOWN

1 Periodically it suggests what some bulk shoppers do. (8)
2 The solid base of a strike in certain phases of the iron and steel business. (5)
3 They have a separate function in agriculture. (9)
4 A gun might on the field, but it could be a critical time for those who play with the pieces. (3,4)
6 A painter might be a little firm at first, and yet end up in decay. (5)
7 The character of a religious man to gather into the fold? (5,4)
8 A division of belief. (6)
9 Presents made by a serf of sorts. (6)
15 A drug's the wrong prescription for certain girls. (9)
17 Describing some birds carried away with one in a sort of test. (9)
18 Inclination to fulfill a request about a stamp? (8)
20 Pictures made when the game is broken up. (6)
21 Perhaps after Sherman's march, so stated briefly. (It might be filled with thoughts of travel.) (3,4)
23 Plotted, perhaps, and indirectly made very quiet in it. (6)
25 In the absence of international associations, they name something or somebody. (5)
27 Prone to make a distortion of the truth. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1464

ACROSS: 1 Light cruiser; 10 Officer; 11 Tighter; 12 Carol; 13 Barcarole; 14 Proprietor; 16 Kepi; 18 Site; 20 Unbecoming; 23 Europeans; 25 Seato; 26 Customs; 27 Gentian; 28 Present tense. DOWN: 2 Inferno; 3 Hecklers; 4 Caribbean; 5 and 17 Utter nonsense; 6 Signal; 7 Rathole; 8 Concupiscence; 9 Freezing point; 15 Oversight; 19 Turns up; 21 Italics; 22 Oppose; 24 Aisle.

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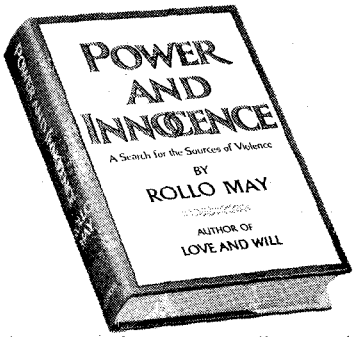

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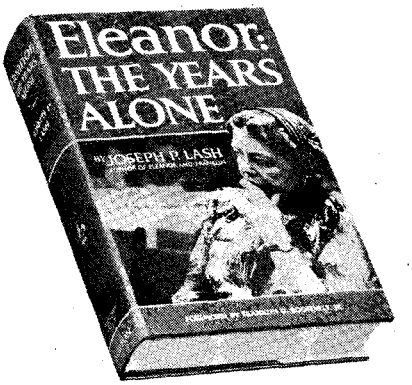

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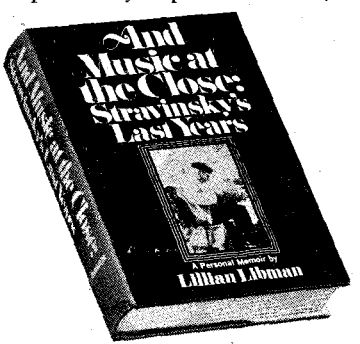

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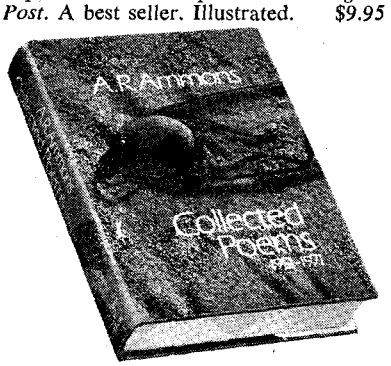

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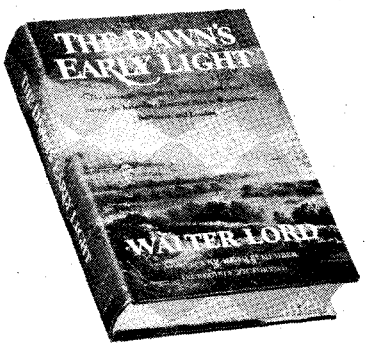

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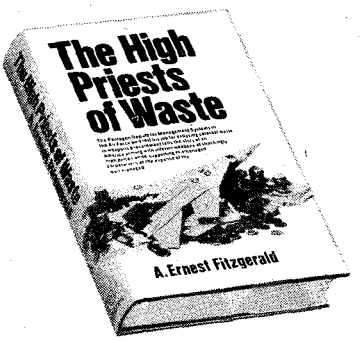

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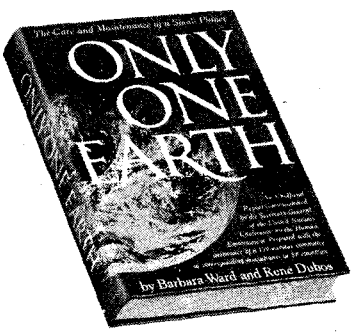

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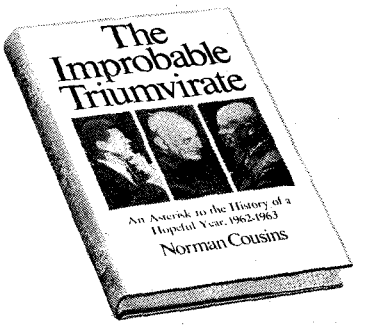

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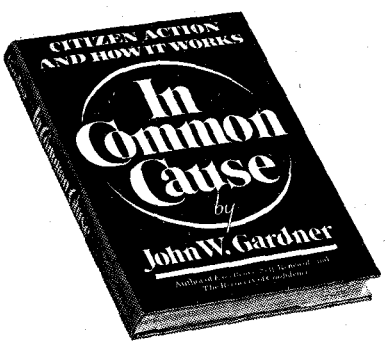

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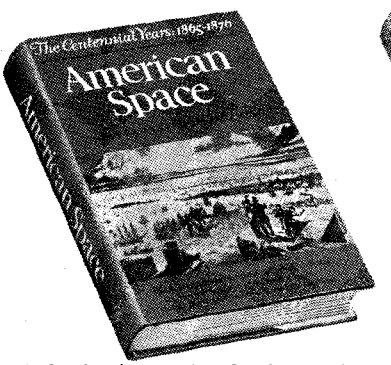

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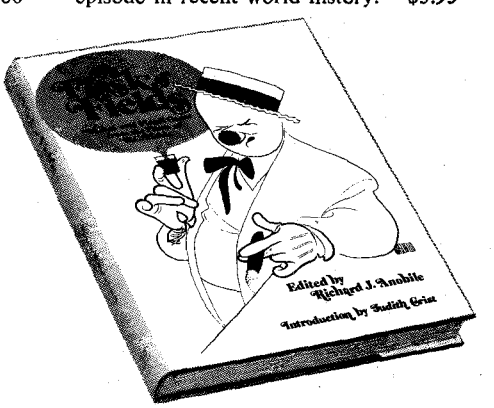

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